

The Evening Republican.

Rescued January 2, 1897, at Rensselaer, Ind., from the publisher of Rensselaer, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1916.

VOL. XIV.

2 Rensselaer (Ind.) Republican

January 5, 1970

Published By
RENSSELAER PUBLISHING CO., Inc.

Rensselaer Republican

A DAILY PAPER 1897-1916. 1916-1970. 1970-1971. 1971-1972.

117 N. Van Rensselaer St.

K. B. Robinson, Publisher

H. B. Clerk, Editor

United Press International Wire Service
Immediate Transmission of State, National
and International News.

Member:

Hoosier State
Press Association

Inland Daily

Press Association. Editorial Association

Indiana Republican

Published Daily except Sundays and National holidays.
Entered at the postoffice, Rensselaer, Indiana, 47978 as
second class mail under the Act of March 3, 1879.

LEFTY

R977.2977
HOW
Genealogy



R 977.2977 HOW Genealogy
Arnott, Beulah.
Howard Lefty Clar 1924-1970
rn GYL02000142



79019200063 8540

Howard "Lefty" Clark The Gossiper

1924-1970

JASPER COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY

Rensselaer Public Library Headquarters

Rensselaer, Indiana 47978

Researched and Edited by
Beulah Arnott

FOR

NOT FOR CIRCULATION

Table of Contents

Forward by Alice Easley.....	I
Editor's Notes	II
Lefty Speaks for Himself.....	1
The Gossiper	3
Special Articles	68
Obituaries	78

Forward

by Alice Rowen Easley, Niece of Lefty Clark

Excerpts from her column AUNT ALICE SAYS

My grandfather, Leslie Clark established THE RENSSELAER JOURNAL which merged with THE RENSSELAER REPUBLICAN in 1908. Schuyler Robinson became the sole owner of THE REPUBLICAN in 1922. He appointed my uncle Howard (Lefty) Clark, as editor in 1924. His column, THE GOSSIPER, was enjoyed by Rensselaer families for over forty years.

When I was very young, my editor uncle seemed to be a gruff old man who got very annoyed when we kids made a lot of noise on Saturday mornings. As I grew older, and realized what it was that he did for a living, I made more of an effort to know him, man-to-man, so to speak. I sought his advice during my high school years, as I struggled to do my best as the editor of the high school paper, and I came to admire him as a person, and a man, not just a relative. Uncle Howard and I had many discussions about newspaper writing, what was allowed, what wasn't, and the responsibilities that went with it.

When Uncle accepted the job as editor of the RENSSELAER REPUBLICAN in 1924 some years before I was born to his sister Ruth, he was quoted as saying, "In a way, a newspaper is public property, an organ by which the voice of the people may make itself felt....In assuming the toga of an editor I realize in the fullest measure the largeness of the task that confronts me. An editor's work does not start and stop with writing. He must be something of a diplomat, he must be able to employ tact to meet the various minds and moods of his readers. He cannot hope to please all, yet if he is able to please a majority he has accomplished his task well. So long as a newspaper is fair in its articles so long as it is a virile force for good, it is accomplishing the purpose for which it is intended...A newspaper can be no greater than its town, a town no greater than its newspaper."

As I've studied, learned, and written over the years, I've kept these words in mind.

EDITOR'S NOTES

My admiration for "The Gossiper," as Lefty often referred to himself, stems from the fact that Lefty loved Rensselaer and its people as I have learned to love them.

To me Lefty is to Rensselaer and Jasper County what Will Rogers, Mark Twain and Norman Rockwell are to all America. Through his writings he shows as did these men, his deep and sincere concern and understanding for everything and everyone around him. His sense of humor and love of nature were often evident in his writing, yet he could communicate his great empathy for the citizens of the Rensselaer community as they experienced great joy or great sadness.

Lefty was born March 5, 1894 in Redkey, Indiana to Leslie and Almira (Shriver) Clark. He moved to Rensselaer with his parents when he was a small child. He was never married. He died at Jasper County Hospital on January 11, 1979.

He started in the newspaper business as a child, working with his father, Leslie Clark, former Rensselaer publisher. He scrubbed the newspaper office floors as a lad and soon learned the business. He became editor of the Rensselaer Republican on September 2, 1924 and remained at the job until February 29, 1970.

He would have spent seven days a week at the newspaper office if there had been a Sunday edition. He never took a vacation, and though he enjoyed spending holidays with friends, he considered holidays something of a nuisance because they disturbed his routine.

Lefty used a soft-leaded pencil to take notes on births, deaths, marriages and robin sightings. He was known for his two-finger typing, great sense of humor and ability to write obituaries. Lefty's style of writing was unique and many newspaper editors were impressed with his writing and were, in fact, somewhat envious of the Rensselaer paper and its talented editor.

The Gossiper is the main part of this collection, because that seems to me to be what people think of when you mention Lefty's name. You people who remember this column will recall that he did not bother to write in paragraphs, but when a subject was ended he started a new one immediately. When you find paragraphs in the edited Gossiper of this book it simply means that each paragraph came from a different edition of the paper. I have organized these excerpts in chronological order by years, but not by months weeks or days. I have lumped each year's ADD TO VITAL STATISTICS at the end of each year including only a few.

I have included four obituaries. It was difficult to choose from the many beautiful tributes he wrote when the citizens of the community passed away. Not wanting to risk offending anyone I chose only a few just to show how much he cared for the people of Rensselaer and to show how he thought obituaries should be treated.

I would like to express my thanks to the following people and institutions for the help they have given me in my research and the putting together the material for this book.

Saint Joseph's College Library
Jeanette Blackhall
Sue Brusnahan
Keith Robinson
The Rensselaer Republican

Alice Rowen Easley
Mark Muday
Kyler Laird
John Groppe
Maia Kingman

Lefty Speaks for Himself

I can think of no better way to begin this hook than to record here what "Lefty" wrote about his own life. The entire "Gossiper" written on his birthday, March 5, 1948, was given over to an account of his life.

Over in Red Key, which is tucked away in eastern Indiana, Jay County, too many years ago today there occurred a world shaking event for which Rensselaer must be truly grateful these many years later. For on that day "The Gossiper" was born. And to prove I was born I shall talk informally, as usual, with you over this typewriter expanse today, casting aside all pretense of any modesty I may have remaining. The day was blustery, cold, snow-coated with a wan, lukewarm sun striving its best to warm the chill of earth of Red Key.

Red Key has a bustling population of 5000 and is the center of the glass blowing business. Some times as I look back I wonder if my character might have been shaped by the general windiness of the day and the wind that was necessary to form sand and water and whatever other ingredients are needed to blow the same into fancy glass. It seems wind has been a big factor in my life. There are those who by veiled hints from time to time suggest that there is an unmistakable windiness about me that is readily apparent. To such people I answer that I was born on a windy day and was a potential blow-hard in the glass-blowing business at the time we moved to Fort Recovery, which is a town on Ohio's western slope not far removed from the good old Hoosier line. There, briefly we remained, after which my parents moved back to Rensselaer, town of their nativity, I, being all of 3 then, tagged along with them. Born in Red Key reaching formative babyhood status in Fort Recovery and trying to grow into mature life in Rensselaer has been my obscure journey through life. I don't know why I tell you these things, but I think it is pride to show you that I can take it, and to give lasting answer to those who accuse me of hlahhing on them on their birthdays, and tattling on them periodically.

So putting modesty aside, I today give myself a ride, baring my past and showing you that I do have the courage to lay on the line some of the

details of my, shall we say-eccentric-life, to choose a word more dignified than "screwball." I doubt if Red Key has yet erected a monument mutely declaring it is my hirthplace. I imagine, too, one could ramble 'round Fort Recovery all day without finding a park named for me, not even a building bearing my name to thrill the future generations. But even if those "old home towns" have failed to etch me into posterity, I don't care much. The thing I am truly glad for is that my parents had the good judgment to return to Rensselaer. I say sincerely Rensselaer has been tolerant in my case, how tolerant only you old timers know. Either the charm and neighborliness and the many interesting things about Rensselaer have kept me here, or is it a phobia aroused by distance. Either way you are stuck with me and probahly will continue to be yet awhile. (Put away those gats.)

My middle name is Bayard. (How's that for raw courage?) They named me that in honor of an uncle who was named that because Bayard Taylor was one of the top notchers of the book writing industry in that day. My first name is Howard. That was picked because my parents liked it. I like it too. The last name is Clark because that was and is my family name. So there you have it. Because I am left-handed (both physically and mentally) they call me "Lefty." That's about the only name I know any more. I have always been grateful that I am left-handed, for anyone can be righthanded. I went to grade school and managed to get through without showing too much stupidity, but upon my arrival in RHS, it was strictly a lost cause. I spent six glorious years down there by that time I was a part-way Senior. Another year or two and I'd have made it, hy cracky, except for that C. Ross Dean, at the time the superintendent man. He said to me in his office one day (I wasn't permitted ingress to class rooms because The other pupils had a habit of annoying me when I was trying to study) he said, "Why don't you surrender?" We talked over the matter and he decided that I had learned everything I was ever going to learn. So he gave me a one way ticket out, and I entered upon the commencement speakers "sea of life," out where the world is cruel and stern and existence is difficult.

The schools rid of me, it was uptown Rensselaer that was to be bothered with me from then on--and yet, I look back with a great deal of fondness on those school days, so rich in interest so romantic as the lady school teachers went. I don't believe any one ever had more classmates than I had. You see school generation after school generation caught up with me and then went on by during those six glorious high school years. The only thing I was good for down there was for reference purposes as a horrible example. My stupidity made the other pupils look brilliant. Even yet today I often am used for contrast purposes. I think I wouldn't have been stupid if I had looked at the books more and the lady teachers less. I remember they always found an empty seat for me in the front of the room. I think it was because the lady teachers had a crush on me. (Personal opinion only)

So in time I left RHS behind, drat it. As I left the man said that he didn't think I was educated enough for anything except possibly for writing pieces for newspapers. With every door barred to me I went to my father's newspaper office. He was stuck with me, since no one else wanted me, and so down through the ages it has been the reportorial typewriter for that star RHS student, graduate of no class, but with a "Contrast Degree" that has defied challenges of other students to match--Howard Bayard Clark--the all-time all-everything of Rensselaer High School. In that title I glory.

There hasn't been much else to my life, aside from my screwball habits and character, to set me above the masses. It has been a small-town ordinary life, with bright spots and sad spots. I think a friend is grander than all the money one could possibly pile up. I mean that. And I know most of you feel the same way about it.

Birthdays in a way are sad. I am glad when you have one, but when another one settles on me, I feel depressed. We can't be here always, of course, but each notch in the birthday stick brings stronger realization of the fact that life steadily fades and soon one must depart, leaving behind those he loves. Maybe that's the wrong way to look at it, but on birthday anniversaries that is the spirit that I have a--grand mother and a grand father and I love them both very much, as you do your parents. When one compares himself to them he feels humble and a sense of

deep humility sweeps over him. I guess there is no son or daughter who does not feel that way. For all their kindnesses to me I want in this small way to thank them. Those words seem so weak and to all of you have been so kind and thoughtful, so tolerant and appreciative of whatever small thing I may have done for you, I want to say in reply that you make me most humble. I appreciate in the deepest sense your every kind and thoughtful and generous action toward me. They have been numerous. For those many cards that reached me today, for those telephone calls I can only say in deep humiliation "I do not deserve so much." I have put modesty aside in this one today. It had to be done sometime just to show you I could "tell on myself." I am sorry I have hogged the birthday limelight to the exclusion of those other fellow birthdayers of March 5th--grand people everyone of them for whom I wish the utmost happiness.

The Gossiper

It appears to me that the Gossiper didn't come in a blinding flash but gradually evolved from a column which first appeared in the January 2, 1926 issue of the Republican. Lefty chose to call this column POTPOURRI. It was obviously a space filler because he wrote only three or four words to a line and then left a space of three lines between each written line. The first POTPOURRI took up about a column and two-thirds. It went as follows:

With Thomas Cox complaining of radio interference and Charles Pefley seeing robins and bluebirds and Dr. C. E. Johnson fishing under the old town bridge and the crocuses crocusing and the new city administration administering and a new roof going on the Ellis Building to keep the rain off the rubber hoots and the home brew hrewing and the washtub suds sudsing over the winter blankets and Andrew Gangloff showing signs of a protracted spring fever spree and J. Carlton Smith putting new signs on shop windows and painting stripes on barber poles and taxpayers fretting about Spring taxes while still feeling the blows of the Christmas holocaust and Hugh Kirk wearing a new straw hat and Bro. Isaac Glazebrook getting another deer to eat the rubbish off the Iroquois river banks and the Chamber of Commerce showing signs of a thaw, with G. J. Jessen buying 1926 plates and the golfing Romeos gamboling in knickers and the thoughts of the antiquated gentlemen of unmarried complexion turning to the Juliets it looks like an early summer without any violets dotting the premises and with no dandelion juice gurgling in the family boiler. I once saw a fellow who wore a silk tie while taking a bath. He was so haldheaded he wanted to know where his neck begins. Saw a gent at church the other day who was so parsimonious he contracted stiff neck every Saturday night so he could not look at the Sahhath collection taker. Jasper County furnishes the jail and Newton County furnishes the prisoners. What could be fairer?

On March 23, 1926 there appeared, for the first time a column called "This Sporting Life." At first this was written by "Lefty" but finally became an opportunity for readers to contribute. At first it was devoted mainly to baseball which was "Lefty's," favorite of all sports. However, after the readers began to contribute it contained jingles, jokes and riddles. This column continued for several years along with the Gossiper. I have included only one item from one of these columns.

Main Street fisticuffs were narrowly averted today when B. D. McColly and Clinton Colvert engaged in an argument over the outcome of a quilt contest held last week. Mr. McColly charged Mr. Colvert with having used undue influence on the judges. Mr. Colvert vociferously denied the charge and waxed worthy. Recalling what Uncle Benny did to Mr. Crockett Henry a few days ago, Mr. Colvert heat a retreat when Uncle Benny displayed symptoms of another uprising. Mr. McColly was one of the list of 256 exhibitors. His exhibit finished last. He felt it should have been first as he asserted he used nine hundred spools of thread in his quilt.

On December 19, 1931 a column appeared on page one called TODAY. There were two of these. The one appearing on December 19 went like this:

Firman Thompson drops in. Discussion arises as to how many oranges in a hushel. Says there are four dozen. There are. But how many more? Ike Yates doesn't know. We don't neither. Then how would Firman Thompson know? Point is we want to furnish oranges for a Christmas party tomorrow. (Personal Advertising). We quit buying eight o'clock coffee. Don't get up that soon. Christmas shopping going on high gear. But gears are stripped. London fog hanging over city. Ought to be good day for accident news. But ain't so far and it's eleven o'clock now.

"On December 23, 1931 the first Gossiper appeared and continued as an important feature of the Republican until September 1956. It was not a daily column but during the thirties and forties you could expect to find it two or three times a week. To have included all of everyone of them would have required several volumes and reams of paper. I have tried to include enough to preserve the flavor of

the column and to help us recall Lefty's days as THE GOSSIPER.

1931 - Christmas shopping a peak.. Clerks worn to frazzle.. Tempers touchy.. "This would be nice for Aunt Sarah" remarks housewife.. "Better get her gallows" replies irritable huhhy.. Business district alive with shoppers.. Looks like State Street.. Women pawing over merchandise.. Clerks on the scoot.. Everybody in hurry.. Post office swamped.. Down trodden mail men go by their shoulders hunched to hear the weight of their great load ..Ought to be Anti-prevention Society protect mail clerks.. Only one more day to go.. Then it will be over.

1932 - Prominent professional man says we look like George Ade. Resemblance don't end there neither. Mr. Ade writes too. Has even done some professional writing.

Rex Warner, ex-alderman, in today. Wanted speak on merits of horse collars in his show windows. Says he has some dandies at \$1.45. (That ought to be paid advertising). Says general public is not aware of interest that centers in horse collars. That is city general public. Says farmers know about such things. That there are many types and all hold one spellbound with interest. Horse collars used to sell \$5. Wants stimulate public interest in horse collars. If you want latest horse collars for Spring see him. Heck of it is find horse. That's way sparrows, horse flies feel about it. Rex Warner states is putting horse collars in some of best homes in city. Tried to sell Joe Hammond horse collar this morning. Joe Hammond didn't want no horse collar.

Today's best yarn. Man walks in Murray's grocery store. Says to Victor Comer: "I'm kind of hard of hearing, would you call my wife on the telephone, and ask her what she wants for supper." The ohliging Mr. Comer lays down dill pickle scoop, wipes hands on wall paper and says; "I will." Calls man's wife, says; "What do you want for supper? Your husband wants to know." Wife--other man's wife says: "I don't want nothing only some bread." Mr. Victor Comer transmits knowledge of what wife wants to her husband. Man shuffles out without saying nothing more, walks across street to another grocery and appears moment later with loaf of bread. Mr. Comer still staggering under the blow.

Mr. Will Woodworth of Hanging Grove in town peddling mushrooms. Doing right well too. Speaking mushrooms reminds us time last summer when Bro. Firman Thompson called upon Edward Sutherland to pass judgment on whether mushrooms he had gathered were poisonous or non-poisonous variety. Mr. Edward Sutherland slanted one eye and sniffed of them. Said, "They're non-poisonous." Edward was wrong and the doctor had to use stomach pump on Bro. Firman Thompson. They say Mr. Thompson and Mr. Sutherland are speaking but not to one another.

Among city's nicest present day attractions. Rexall drug store Halloween window. Old codger in there with gin jug setting heside him one side, empty whiskey bottle other side. Window filled with leaves and there's a log tastefully located. Signs says horehound candy for sale and log cabin close by. C. E. Garver, B. F. Fendig's hoys huilt it. Give them a hand. If you want free advertising this paper dress up your window.

Great political debate continues Worden-Keller restaurant. Today's entrants: Wallace Miller, Harry McColly, Paul Collins, George Padgitt, Fat Teach, Arthur Gosnell, Jack Larsh, Keith Padgitt, William Babcock. Took straw poll. Socialist candidate for president was high, which may give you inkling. One of the young men's mother called while debate was going on told Louis Worden for him-her son--to get home and rake the leaves and let Hoover and Roosevelt run the country. If it needs running.

Let's don't talk about no politics. It isn't any time for such subject. However we can talk about a democrat--E. P. Lane. Was up court house other night getting election returns. He didn't have a pencil. About as helpless as a duck hunter without a gun. Watched him other night as reports drifted in. Was the first time I ever knew that when he gets excited his ears wiggle.

This is the town where they used to blow fire sirens at noon hour. And now it's the town where they let town clock strike fifteen every hour. We do strangest things this town. The town clock in itself is had enough but today when office clock started striking the hour at the half-hour and the half-hour at the hour our indignation rose. If the city council or the county commissioners or the court house custodian or

whoever it is bosses that clock wants to let it be silly, that's their business, but when it begins to wield its sinister influence over other peoples' clocks it is time that some drastic action should be taken.

"1933 - This end of town would like to be annexed to the city of Rensselaer. The district from Cullen to South Weston on Washington and from Harrison to and including the Hoosier Inn on Cullen Street. It's tired of being considered the Pin Hook section. You see the boys that control the removal of snow from the business district as usual overlooked this section. They ought to come down this way sometime and see what thriving little hamlet we are. For instance we have two hotels, a photograph gallery and a newspaper and a couple of garages and a bottling works and a lunch stand and a monument shop and a couple of gas stations and a shoe repair shop, an implement store and just lots of things like that. Then there is the express office and a tire shop. Really, you'd be surprised just how much we do have down this way. The snow gets just as deep here as anywhere. So far as I know the most of the taxes down this way have been paid. And the snow down here don't melt any faster than it does "uptown."

Max Roth blushing to the roots this morning as his father related that a few nights ago Maxie was out courting in the country and his automobile became fastened in the mud and he had to send an S. O. S. call to town for a car and tow rope. Mr. Roth went on to relate that he sent his daughter, Betty, out there with the equipment and she pulled Maxie and his heart's ease right out of that bad old mud hole.

Will Traub due for departure for St. Louis week ago, still in town. Will not take off until is able to dispose of two mop buckets, with wringers attached. Sole item remaining to be disposed of. Has been in almost constant conference with Edward Gilmore for week. Pair are haggling over price. Mr. Traub wants \$1.50 for the pair. Mr. Gilmore only wants pay dollar. Deal was reported near late this afternoon.

Load of cobs, \$1.25 is item in expenditures special school fund current Marion township annual report. Well, seems country schools are still country schools. Nowadays folks generally have---

1935 - Baby 1935 started from scratch last night, cracking open the pot with Kings and Queens who engaged in revelry to give him a royal welcome and wet salute. Cheerio kid '35 let's go. Twelve months coming up with their joys and sorrows, their sweeping changes--Old friends will pass into another vale in this year, a new generation will come, guys and gals will be joined in wedlock--The merry-go-round of life, it has always been thus. Life with its mysteries ready to unfold twelve more months and let's hope that it will be a fulsome year of worthwhile accomplishments, with improvement in every phase of community life. Life, so strange, so non-understandable, so beautiful, so ripe with interest. To those who passed on in 1934, let us give a salute. How swiftly the changes of a city's citizenship, familiar faces disappear, new ones appear. Civilization marches ever onward to bring improved living conditions. A farewell to old 1934 a booming welcome to 1935.

Harry Parker, photographer to Rensselaer's blue bloods ready for spring and summer trade. Studio is open six days a week when fishing isn't good. Has new equipment to handle from single portraits modern to family groups. He terms so-called society photographers gang punks. They do a lot of business among local yokels. Plaster a lot of ugly looking mugs up in their window and sit down to rest. They take delight in photo-ing some old dame with a bluff brow and overhanging stern and making her look like a follies beauty. Prostitution of art. "When I turn out a picture," said Mr. Parker "I believe in giving a garbage freighter the lines of a speed boat. If Mrs. Ugly Mug has a face like a coal bin, who am I to humor her by making her look like a movie queen. After all I am a photographer, not a plastic surgeon.

A home town kid went and done it. Chuck Halleck, who will now have to don a silk tie and spiked tail benny. From here on it will have to be Congressman Halleck in order to lend dignity. The same kid who used to pull pears off Mel LaRue's trees and then skip for bome with his booty. The same chap who threw fishworms on little girls to frighten them horribly. The fellow who put a pin cushion in his dad's Morris chair, with points up. The guy used to keep H. F. Parker in a frenzy by plugging snow balls at his hard hat. He was that kind of punk, Charles Halleck was. Not a bad kid, just an American youth pursuing normal boyhood pursuits in

order to rid himself of excess energy. Born in DeMotte. Didn't like cheese so moved down here to grow up. Went to school. But never took the teacher an apple in his whole school career. Believed warts came from toads and kept his mother out of rags putting them under eave troughs to rot in order to drive away warts. Worst licking he ever got was for using his daddy's toupe to construct a bird's nest. Got mad when his mother made him play with a lug by the name of Ethelbert. But got even by wiping open-faced pie on Ethelbert's face. That marked the close of a beautiful friendship. Went to college hut has managed to live it down. Added education to himself when he found the time. Never broke a pole vault record all the time he was in school, so was a distinct washout. Never played football in college, hut dahhled with it in high school. The only reason he didn't play football was because the college coach wouldn't let him on the squad. Can't sew a stitch but can make lovely pies. When he found he wasn't to go in athletics, he won his "I" at old I. U. by learning to turn handsprings and becoming a yell leader. Had enough voice to put him over. That's why the Hallecks have no telephone in their home. He got so he could shout so loud while acting as cheer leader for the girls' debating team at I. U. that there was no need for a telephone.

He has made eight thousand four hundred speeches in the past four months, but isn't allowed to make one around home. This is if Mrs. Halleck is present. He picks on his children by making them listen. As secretary of the county fair he turns over the megaphone to Conraod Kellner and Willie Bott. And then drowns out both of them without using artificial means. Was once heard in Jersey City while making a speech in Yonkers. But he has it and the go-get it stuff that makes Rensselaer proud of him. He should go well in congress and will make a name for himself as a statesman. Write that one on the cuff and remember it when you are rocking the grandchildren on your foot. He knows the answers and can get himself around. Sort of oddity in some respects, this new congressman. Has been known to eat spinach, fruit cake, and hominy at the same meal, tapering off with codfish halls, lemonade and doughnuts. Goes to sleep in picture shows and church. Was never a success at fishing hut

shoots a mean stick of golf. Likes to ride a bicycle and lie in bed until 9 A.M.

Signs of spring: There was not a cone in all Rensselaer in which to stuff ice cream by five o'clock Saturday afternoon, manufacturers and retailers having run out of this highly popular summer delicacy. Adding another year yesterday were Leroy Kurtz, Jasper County Democrat editor and Miss Perky Parks. Bro. Kurtz sat down on seat 46 and Miss Parks climbed upon High Chair No. 15. Mr. Kurtz is the same man who sat down while Judge Moses Leopold walked a mile for a pail of gasoline for an empty tank one chill November night when their car stalled between here and Kentland. Gained fame as a youth by playing the bass drum in the Paris, Illinois high school band. Miss Parks has reached the knitting needle age and wears silk knitted boudoir cap. And today Miss Eva Moore is counting birthday cake candles. Her childhood was miserable by the fact that she had a pack of brothers who were always taking picks on her.

From there we move on to the case of Mr. Wallace Miller no sooner out of one thing than into another. We know you will not believe us when we tell you that he is now a drummer boy in the Dewey Biggs Drum and Bugle corps, hut 'tis the truth, so help me. Been going on for two weeks now with Paul Arnott his instructor. We rise to remark that Whispering Will probably would do better on a horn as he has been blowing a horn about picking athletic contest winners these many years gone by. But that is only a personal opinion. Won't he be grand when he gets on that uniform?

No sooner does one get his spring house cleaning and lawn raking done preparatory to sitting down on the town curbing for a summer of whittling than along comes James Brenner to upset plans. There should be an injunction against him which would keep him in California where rain and ballyhoo are the principal commodities, statements of the citizenry of that commonwealth to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Brenner harged in last week and since then the city has been in turmoil. Some of the citizenry immediately left town as well they know his penchant for dipping back into local history for twenty-five or thirty years to rattle the skeletons in the family closets. Ex-professor Floyd Meyers, who lived in the James Brenner

neighborhood when James flourished here, has been taking a shellacking ever since James came to town with his extra collar and shirt to spend a few weeks. Mr. Meyers has been classified by Mr. Brenner as having been the meanest kid in Rensselaer at one time, a title which our citizens generally have always conferred upon Mr. Brenner himself. Mr. Brenner has never felt right toward Floyd Meyers since that time the latter is alleged to have sold Mr. Brenner a blind horse. "What's the difference if I did?" challenged Mr. Meyers. "He was never a cowboy anyway. He could ride a blind horse as well as he could one with full vision." So that's that.

A freezer of ice cream to Edson Murray, Jr. for doing a right smart job of washing the G. E. Murray and Co. windows the other day. When such a little feller gets on the end of such a long brush that's work. But Ed has what it takes. Has all the necessary equipment to do a real job. He hopes to be a skyscraper window washer when he grows up. That's what he is practicing for now. Ed's of the type that makes the America of tomorrow greater.

Signs of the times: Kids beginning to wash behind the ears and comb their hair again and poutingly eyeing the calendar which says school is coming up next week. Teachers pouncing in from summer points on the lam for furnished rooms, which just seem to be ain't. Yeller, red, blue and pink pencils sprouting in drugstore windows along with tablets, crayons, water colors, readers, spellers, arithmetics, jawographies, physiologies, rulers. Remember when you were a kid and a part of your school equipment was a pen wiper and a sack in which to place your pen and pencils which you strung on the side of your desk. Fountain pens have done away with those. And a pity it is. Seasonal threat "I'm going to tell teacher on you."

Flash to Rev. Doyle Mullen: unofficial advises received by this writer state your lost dog is being detained by leash by Judge Moses Leopold.

Barbara Sands has been attending DePauw University at Greencastle going on three months now. And still hasn't acquired a southern accent. Her pa, Charles says that if she can't learn nothing he is going to bring her home. Don't blame him.

Something you may not know: That in 1901 there were three Baptist churches in Rensselaer, Primitive, First and Free Will. Beside the Catholic, Christian, Presbyterian, Methodist and Church of God.

1936 - It's wonderful what startling hidden talent can be unearthed by a few words in the public press. No sooner had we mentioned that S. C. Robinson can wiggle his ears than the unknown talent of Samuel Fendig came to light after these many years. Mr. Fendig comes forward with the information that he is ambidextrous in respect to ear-wiggling. He can wiggle one ear at a time or both in unison and issues a challenge to Mr. Robinson.

The Mr. Razzberry Bridges in argument on a Sunday morning as to whether they would or would not spend the day in Remington. Mr. Razzberry said they wouldn't. Mrs. Razzberry said they would. So they compromised and went. Mr. Bridges is now engaged in writing a travelogue on his journey which will be published at an early date. We feel sure it will be highly entertaining as he will give a graphic description of the varied scenery to be seen on the long trip.

They were talking of the early days of the automobile during the loafer's hour at the Republican office Saturday p. m. Mr. Lloyd Parks recalled the time that Uncle Abraham Halleck bailed some baseball fans to Oxford to witness Rensselaer and Oxford play. Uncle Abe had one of those mammoth early day automobiles of the type which buttons up the back. You entered it like you used to enter the old style depot back. Just stepped into the middle of the rear. They cbugged away that sunny July day with the sun streaming down on them. The tourists were attired in those long linen dusters and Uncle Abe at the wheel wore goggles. It was a long dusty old ride which brought more discomfort than speed. At times a peculiar burning odor assailed the noses of the tourists, but no one could decide what it might be. Investigation showed the car was not afire. There was no one in the crowd that knew anything. Anything about mechanics, so all unmindful they rode along with Uncle Abe. In time they arrived at Oxford. Smoke was curling from the brakes by that time. Some Oxford yokel walked over to look over the big sidewinder of a car. "Say Mister, you been

riding with all the brakes on, hain't you?" he asked. And sure enough they had traveled all those miles with the brakes set.

A two picture show town again and with it thoughts of the second decade of the century when the Princess and Star were in flower. At the Princess Col. Fred Phillips blurting through his megaphone as show time neared and across the way his little nephew, Rex Warner, yelping through another, in their scramble to get the play from the swanky patrons of the motion picture set--and other not so swanky--exhorting them to hurry that they might not miss the picture's begining. Remember them hreath taking serials such as "The Clutching Hand," starring Pearl White, and other serials which run once weekly to keep us in a high state of suspense from one week to next. Remember when Charlie Chaplin was becoming the screen's greatest cutup and the name Mary Pickford was on every theater goer's tongue? In them romantic days of the old silents we had a choice of going either to the picture show or the old Opey House, there was no other entertainment choice. Remember the old fellow who always used to go to the show accompanied by his cuspidor. He could spat into it and never miss a foot of the flicker.

We can remember when Charles Mann was a counter leaper at Forsythe's Chicago store. In the grocery department. And that the first time we ever saw or heard tell of breakfast cereal was when he handed a box over the counter and insisted we take it home and try it. Oh hygone days! Forsythe's with its Van Grant, John Collins, Pete Merritt, and the late James George and Everett Kinney. And the pranks they played. Taking turn about slipping up that winding stairway to take a few minutes nap on the upper floor sofa, while another stood guard to give warning if the paymaster should put in appearance. The long narrow room at the rear of the grocery where they kept the coal oil, potatoes and flour. When you bought a can of coal oil the clerk poked a potato on the point to keep the contents from splashing out. The acres of rubber boots and over shoes that were always in stock. To the kids of that day the store was mammoth and overawing, as hig as any in Chicago you thought. Two full floors. It was upstairs you could huy curtain poles and ingrain carpet. Seems like everything one could ever possibly need could be found inside that great

store, thread, dress goods, suits, men's and ladies hats, shoes, hoots, hair rihbon, overcoats and groceries.

Remember the days in the Old Hotel Makeever lobby when the pot-hellied stove was blistering red on a winter night. And gathered around it were such celebrities as H. F. Parker, Bill Erwin, George Hosmer, N. G. Halsey, Jinks Brenner, Gene Spitler, and others whose names escape us. The yarns they spun, the thousands of miles they traveled over the earth's surface into out-of-way places for high adventure. Why at times even the fiery stove seemed to turn redder as it list' to the unbelievable tales of those stoveside adventurers who in their most eloquent moments told of their treks into untracked wastes of the icy northlands, wastes where one's very hreath turned ice before one's eyes. And then howled the minute the hotel stove failed to warm their backs. That old stove was the very soul of inspiration a-winter night when high adventure was in the telling.

Begins to look as though this nation is raising a race of molly-coddlers. That fellow who painted the court house flag pole used a safety helt. Speaking of the flag pole, a lot of the newer generations probably don't know that the first man who ever "clumb" that pole was none other than our own Landy McGee. Not once, but four times. From here on we quote extemporaneously from Bro. McGee. "It was Decoration Day a.m. Early G. A. R.ers and husiness men were gathered at the Ellis-Chilcote store bemoaning the fact that there was no flag on the pole. Well, the G.A.R. had a flag, but no one to put it up there. Spoke up one fellow: 'I know a man who'll put it up there for you. His name's McGee and he's over at Wolcott putting up a telephone plant!' Well, they called me. I was up a pole hut skinned right down when they said there was a half-century hill in it for me. I sent the crew home and told them there would be no more work that day; that McGee was going to Rensselaer and lay a flag on the court house pole. I hitched up old Lightfoot and we streaked it for Rensselaer, for there was no time to lose. They wanted that flag on the pole before the p.m. parade. Well we got--Lightfoot and I--came sweating into Rensselaer. I said, 'where's that block and tackle at?' They told me it was down at Hemphill's blacksmith shop. I got it in jig time and climhed into the steeple. Charlie Morlan

was sitting down there at the trapdoor to give assistance. I spun up the pole in nothing flat, hauled that flag to the masthead and spun down. It was just 55 minutes from the time I got that block and tackle that I strung that flag and reached ground again." And that, my children, is how the first flag got on the pole. (File it for your scrap book) And Mac's still got the kick to put a flag up there, or paint the pole any time you want him to. Twice he's painted it; twice he's untangled the ropes.

Add to Vital Statistics:

This became a regular part of the Gossiper on November 21, 1935. Lefty used this means to poke a little fun at his friends in and around Rensselaer. He always put this at the bottom of his column and the readers were always curious as to whom he would pick on next.

Crockett Henry can drink a quart of buttermilk at one sitting. Have you too an accomplishment?

The string of an oxford is 27 inches long.

The first time Uncle John Eger ever saw or ate a banana was when he went to Philadelphia in 1888.

She--Mrs. Anna Tuteur talks to herself. During the Lum and Abner programs.

Samuel Roth never misses a wild west show at the Palace on Saturday night and always sits through both shows.

Frank Webber can ride a bicycle without holding on to the handle bars.

Carl Wood is the only Rensselaer person who ever slept in a cow's manger. Statistics provided by Van Grant.

Ray Parks paints his fingernails.

There were 144 eggs and 6 dozen bunches of radishes at the alumni banquet (cut up for salad).

Mrs. W. S. Parks attended both picture shows last night.

Sonny Fendig invariably strips a banana from the wrong end.

In his younger days Mayor George Hopkins could play a tuba without wrinkl'n his forehead.

Ray Paulus sneaks away from home every Sunday morning. To keep from having to read the comics to the children.

Edward Gilmore can shave himself with either hand. But one shave is worse as the other.

<1937>

November with its grayness and chill winds and its suggestion of Thanksgiving. In the air there is the aroma of burning leaves which to us is one of God's greatest handiworks. There is nothing that can quite match it for sheer enjoyment. The firelight and curling smoke against the black background of night. Children toasting marshmallows in the fire pot of leaves. And November with its carmine-red and golden apples; its cranberry "sass". New England born and Hoosier developed; pumpkin pie like grandma bakes stored in the cupboard ever-ready for an afternoon or late night snack; crullers--moderns call them do-nuts, drat me--sugar coated; the basement heaping high with the gardens gifts, sweet potatoes--yeller fellers; golden buxom pumpkins awaiting to be cut into more pies; corn cribs bursting with their gold; barren cornstalks, no longer green with foliage, but now as dull in color as the day itself, and ghostly, as the night wind rattles them; the sudden burst of a cold night rain pelting against the window to lull you into the arms of Morpheus; the crucial football game still coming up; a flurry of snow and the creak of the old farm pump; the crust of ice in the water trough. To borrow: "Aint God good to Indiana in November?" Remember those Thanksgivings of the days back there three decades and more? When family dinners were eaten at Grandma's and not at one-arm lunches or ritzy spots? And how you kids had to always wait for the second table and the turkey necks, while the oldsters gathered about the first two tables and cleared away the choicest of the delicacies? And you thought there was no justice and pined for that time when you would be an elder and no longer a kid trying to grow into the first table? And the skatin' ponds were always frozen over by Thanksgiving day afore man came along with his fancy machinery and straightened and dredged the streams and destroyed natural ice ponds almost forever? And how your older cousin was forever badgering you to cross "rubber ice" and it seemed that you always took the dare just as

he had weakened it to the proper point where you fell in? And then you caught Old Ned when you got home in your ice coated clothes and had to warm your feet in the old kitchen oven. And the football game that was always one of the great features of Thanksgiving Day? When both the men and women folk went to the game in tallyhos wearing the colors of their team. Red and Black ribbons had to be a yard in length if your were in style?

Memory Land: Those iron dummies in front of the Wildberg store with suits on 'em. The hundreds of pigeons at the Gay and Stoner residences. When kids fought after school. When oyster suppers were the winter rage. And everybody went to lodge. And the parlor was saved until company came. And everybody hung up their stocking at Christmas. And croup was common and they'd grease you with goose oil. And everybody had a smoke house. And there were spelling bees. (Which was when people in them days knew how to spell). That Venetian scene on the main drop of the Old Ellis Opery House.

Deep satisfaction: That which comes to us over the fact that it was us who pinned the name "Bomber" on the R. H. S. Basketball team. Two year ago. And now it is generally accepted. It has practically erased the name "Indians," a name that was chosen by the student body in a Republican Name Contest some years ago. But there were too many teams by that name.

Along the Hospital Front

Until yesterday to me hospitals always were a place for someone else to go. Then the bear got me and they rolled me up in a rug and brought me over here. In a way I am glad. For now I can fight back whenever Judge Leopold starts telling me about the operation he had in 1922. If you have never been in a hospital you don't know nothing. They start off the day by waking you up at 5:30 to wash your face and hands for breakfast that does not come until 7 o'clock. That gives one an additional one and one-half hours in which to gaze through the window at the half-light of a murky December day. Then at 7 o'clock they wheel in your alleged breakfast. It seems to me these organizations that are conducting food showers for needy families Christmas morning, ought to include this place. Yesterday morning they brought the following stomach filling menu: One glass of milk and one

cup of coffee. I don't drink either even when I have all my buttons. Also one glass of pineapple juice. Then they poured out a few teaspoons of what I thought was tea. But I got even with them. I didn't touch any of it except the pineapple juice, but after drinking it I kept the glass so they would think that I hadn't touched a thing. It wasn't until noon that I found out that yellow stuff I thought was tea, was broth. So I fumbled myself out of that food value. Then with "breakfast" over the parade started, bringing the cruelest blow of all. Some gal in white came and asked if I was from Rensselaer. Don't suppose she has ever heard of Lindbergh either. After that she asked me my name, birth date, if I had ever shot a horse, etc., and then she put all the dope on a card after which she went out. I supposed that would be the end for awhile, but we were just starting. Another gal in white came in and shoved a tube in my mouth and told me to keep it (the mouth) shut. I told her I hadn't had a chance to get it open here and she said she understood I had it open for a good many years and that this was a swell time to give it a rest. After I kidded her like that a little bit she fled. But ever since then a different gal in white has come in here every little bit to shove a tube down my mouth. It would save a lot of time and annoyance if they would hang the St. Joe thermometer around my neck. Then about the time you think those busybodies in white will go sit down, one comes in to give me a bath. I didn't think too much about a bath on Saturday night, but when they gave me one Sunday and followed with another today I began to wonder plenty if there's something exceptionally wrong with me. However, I felt better after making inquiries among other patients here and learned they do the same with them. When they get your bath done they change your shirt and invariably put it on backward which makes me wonder just what kind of an institution they brought me to. Maybe I am in the wrong place. After they get you bathed they change the sheets and make your bed. By that time it is almost noon, except that they have time to ram that tube down your neck another time or two and give your lunch.

I was in the ward until yesterday p.m. when No. 1 cage became empty and they brought me down at this end. I liked the ward better for it wasn't so lonesome, not with "Grandpa" ringing the bell for attention every little while. They all--those gals in white--like Grandpa even if he

does keep them busy running the window blind up and down and twisting his bed around. I guess those ward fellows are favored customers, either that or they pay in advance. Yesterday they took them fried chicken and a lot of other swell things to eat, leaving me until the last. The shock was terrific to me when they wheeled in my groceries. This time I got four teaspoonsful of broth, orange juice and a glass of milk! Their generosity overwhelms me. But everything about a hospital isn't a drawback for instance: I don't mind at all those "winners in white" who come in to hold my hand and take my pulse. I noticed as soon as they found out that I was a bachelor they speeded up the pulse-taking schedule. It seems to be a contest among the "pretties" to see which can take my pulse the oftenest. To date I have counted 39 gals who are competing for that job. And then the other gals who are employees here come in on some pretext or other, such as turning the radiator around, etc. But everybody around this place is swell and we recommend it as a top spot for a vacation. One could run a heauty show without having to leave the hospital. They have done everything for us, fumigated us, renovated and pampered us and are now contesting for the honor of giving us a marcel. Right across the Avenue is O. F. Parker. He crahhed yesterday because the sheet was wrinkled. He should squawk--it's our back that is wrinkled.

Add To Vital Statistics

When Mrs. George Reed was a girl she was the hest checker player in all Champaign, Ill. By her own admission.

Charles Chamberlin must be able to read because he always moves his lips when he looks at printed matter.

Ed Neshitt's shoes squeak.

Mary D. Eger cooked seven mince pies the day hefore Christmas. also two nut cakes. One for Harry and one for Cleve. (Try it over).

< 1938 >

We don't pretend to be a hridge player, particularly in the contract division, but it did sort of nettle us a few days ago when we bid six clubs and hit the bid right on the head with 12 tricks. The hand over, the opposition discovered we had put across the little slam with only three

trumps in our hand, but our partner was lousy rich with them. They of the opposition snarled: "You can't do that; that aint no way to bid." We referred them to the fact that we made it, but the snarling went on until late in the night. Which makes any duh hridge player wonder what a bridge player is supposed to do. At least we're original in our playing.

It's such days as these that htings a heart stab as we recall that never in our whole life have we ever experienced the thrill of eating off a red tahle cloth and that has been years and years since we ate a gingersnap--the kind that used to come to the John Eger grocery in barrels. And oft-times we wonder what ever hecame of taffy pulls, ducking for apples in a wash tub half-filled with water, using only your mouth, and the hloke who gained so much fun from pinning a sign on your back and letting you stroll down the street to the amusement of passersby.

Mary Ann Eger, daughter of Emmett and Dorothy, who vexed, upon reaching her Uncle Harry Parker's house snapped, "D---it. I always get here just too late to see the cuckoo come out of the clock."

Armistice Day and memories of the lads who lugged the ball across Hindenberg's line and on to the goal posts in Berlin...Memories of camp life...Of the fellows who went to Blighty never to return...Of those who came back with an empty sleeve or trouser leg or lungs choked with poison gas...Of those hot, dusty hleak days in American encampments...Of those mud-slick Fields of Flanders...Of the stench of cold of those trench pits of Hell...Of raucous voiced top sergeants and dapper second Louies laying on discipline in their newly found importance...Wash day scenes in the latrine with trousers and leggings ruhked white with foamy soap and brush... Of pay days and the dancing cubes that followed. Of the crunch of hohnail on the clay-haked drill fields and the unyielding stone-surfaced roads...Of the Pvt. putting on the touch for a night pass down town...Of the Navy Man saying, "You can't stand there, soldier." And the fights that followed... Of the folks hack home denying themselves of sugar and hread on certain days while the same was heing wasted in the camps...Memory of that first night in camp when after we were hedded down we were curtly ordered to "Get the hell out of that there hed; who do you think you are?" A most

confusing order. And then to learn that one is not supposed to retire his first night in the Army without first learning how to make up his bed. The homesickness that seemingly settled in one's stomach upon standing his first reveille, 5 o'clock was such an unearthly hour. After the first day stepping into the tempo of actual camp life--endless drill, potato-peeling, marching, standing guard, stable duty, office duty. But still we're damned lucky not to be over there in the trenches with someone trying to make a sieve out of us at regular intervals. Yeah, come to think of it we were damned lucky. A lot of those fellows never came back to the corn patches of Indiana.

Add to Vital Statistics

It was Chattering Charles Porter's 3rd year in the 4th grade that they found a dunce cap small enough to fit him.

Up at DeMotte when you telephone you ring twice. Once to waken the operator. The other time to get the wrong number.

Frank Bowman circumnavigated seven roasting ears at one sitting last night. Without a mishap.

Ray Parks thought there was a family reunion at his house when he went home the other evening. Then he learned the family car was broke down.

It may be only a happen so, but every time we see Crock Henry, Chattering Charles Porter, Whispering Will Miller and Bugs R.

< 1939 >

Let's reach up to DeMotte and bag this one: The characters are Mr. Bahler, Bustling Bro. Bill Bahler--Justice of the Peace, b'jabers, and Corky Parker, 9, pigeon salesman deluxe. It seems Bahler Jr. wanted a pair of pigeons. He told father Bahler about it. The latter is a pushover for anything Jr., wants so he informed the son he would take up the matter with Corky. Which he did. The conversation between Mr. Bahler and Corky ran something like this: Mr. Bahler: "How much is a pair of pigeons, Corky?" Corky: "50 cents, Mr. Bahler." Mr. Bahler: "You're a little high aren't you, Corky?" Corky: "Do you think so, Mr. Bahler? What do you think would be a fair price, Mr. Bahler?"

Mr. Bahler, "I think 25 cents would be right, Corky." Corky: "All right, Mr. Bahler, if you think that is a just price send Junior over and I'll let him have a pair for 25 cents." Mr. Bahler paid the quarter. The deal was closed. That night Junior Bahler went for his newly acquired property. Corky turned over one pigeon to Junior. Junior was sort of disappointed, but he said nothing. Arriving home the elder Bahler saw Junior with only one pigeon. "I paid for a pair of pigeons where's the other one?" asked Mr. Bahler. "That's all he gave me," said Junior. The elder Bahler dismissed the matter from mind for the time. A day or so later he met Corky on the street and the matter of the pigeons was recalled to his mind. "Corky, I paid you for a pair of pigeons for Junior." That's right Mr. Bahler, when you go down to Art Lagaveen's to buy a pair of pants they don't give you two of them do they?" Asked what he did after that reply from Corky, Mr. Bahler answered: "I went on down the street, Whatthehell would you have done?"

News note: Elmer Daniels, carpenter, never breakfasts until after he has had a least one round of Chinese checkers with his boy, Bill, whom he has yet to down. Says the early morning mental gymnastics help him to scurry over roofs better.

At the risk of being accused of still living in the mauve decade we break our silence today by removing a clip of time's well worn pages to delve again in the memories of the 4th of July's beginning about the turn of the century. Then kids rose as early as 4 a.m. to sound a crescendo of booming giant crackers at dawn's early light. Days when older and more adventurous kids remained up all night to bid welcome to Independence Day in all its glamorous glory. Bunting of red and white and blue so painstakingly strung in ivy-twining fashion. Woe to the storekeeper so unpatriotic as to not bedeck his store front with flags or at least bunting of the kind described which was so allied to that period.

The George Goff restaurant, so resplendent with its patriotic surge of colors, dripping with its paper streamers of red, white and blue; its windows bulging with fireworks; his counters laden with pies and sandwiches; its air laden with the aroma of hamburger drifting from the kitchen. Not much time for the regular dinner

on this husy day when the motif was snacks that could be grahbed from the counter without loss of much time from the business of shooting off firecrackers.

Never was there a soda so good as the late Uncle Theodore Haus could stir up for you in a jiffy. The drug stores groaning with their stocks of fireworks of so many types that the kid with a 50 cent piece to spend for days in advance gave long and serious deliberation as to their selection with a view to making the half-dollar reach as far as possihle.

The day long band of firecrackers and cap pistols, torpedoes and those many other frightening explosives necessary if one would pay proper trihute to their forefathers of the Revolutionary days whose courage and wisdom led to the Declaration of Independendce from whence sprang the 4th of July customs to be practiced in the ages to follow. The court house yard on the glorious fourth, with its ever present speaker's stand to be mounted by one or more orators delegated to carry the torch of Independent Day and renew its traditions and call attention to the fact that independence and freedom are the birthright of every American.

Drawn-out orations battling against the din of booming crackers and and fighting to divert the public interest from the scores of carnival-like attractions to the speaker. Streets alive with stands featuring ice cream cones, ice cold pop and lemonade, hamhurgers, cracker jack in its oblong paper shirt. Novelty stands, pit shows, tented attractions. And noise over all from early morning until late night and its extravaganza of fireworks lighting up the skies as the "authorities" themselves delegated themselves to discharge them without endangering the crowd.

Sometimes we feel a bit sorry for the kids of these 4th of July days. They get just as tired, yet they don't have the thrills of the days of the long ago. Yet, looking back we wouldn't care to go through them again would you?

The July 27, 1939 Gossiper was dedicated to Harry Parker who joined Football's Silent Legion on Tuesday July 26.

Say, Spud Kirk, you hetter round up the rest of the mob and come over into this corner--which was Dad Parker's favorite--for a foothall huddle. You know he left yesterday for

the land of Somewhere to take charge of the gridiron up there. Now, Spud, from here on in you and the rest of the gang are on your own. Dad won't be around any longer to tell you what to do in the clutch. You know what he was always telling you and the rest of them down there at R.H.S. about fight. Well, he showed you how to fight these last few weeks, which should put the idea across to you and the rest of the gang pretty well. The "Old Man," as a lot of us affectionately referred to him, never quit. True the Great Referee did banish him to the sidelines, hut not because he quit. He just thought Dad had finished his work and that it was time for younger hands and legs to carry on. He put up with a lot from you and the gang of us. The General is gone and it's up to you fellows to carry on the traditions of Old Dad. He'd want it that way.

You know, Spud, Old Dad always seemed old, hut he wasn't of course. He kept his soul and mind fresh and verdant. He liked the company of people younger than he. You and I and all the rest knew that sometimes the gruff exterior of his was all pretense. He was just an old fake in that respect and when he got awfully "tough" with us we all just sort of snickered behind our hands because we knew that beneath that gruff exterior he had a heart as mellow and "sunny" as boiled hutter and that if anyone so much as laid a hand on one of his hoys they'd have a scrap on their hands with "Old Scrap Iron."

"That heart of his was as hig as a watermelon and it fairly dripped with love for any of his boys or any other youngster whether he was on one of Dad's teams or not. Gosh, Spud, it seems he had been here for always. Remember whenever other high school teams in Indiana got afraid of Old Dad's teams he had to turn to prep schools for games. I often wonder just how many fellows played football for Old Dad during his long span in the game. It must have run up to quite a few hundreds. Old Dad wasn't a guy who went for a lot of fancy language. Mayhe that's the reason he liked this column where one doesn't have to watch puritan English. He was just a plain, homespun, motherly sort of person. So human, wasn't he, Spud? Just an old shoe that always fit any situation, any need. One of those fellows on whose shoulder you could soh. Rensselaer never had a fellow did more for the youth of the town than Old Dad. He was an

institution serving a vital force in community life. Betcha that when he got Up There yesterday the Gridiron was all chalk-lined waiting for him and that the bands were playing. And who do you reckon was on the sidelines in their football helmets, sitting there in the raw atmosphere of a chilly November day waiting for the Old Man to arrive to tell them what to do? Betcha it was Peach Morgan, Pidge Hamilton, Guy Daniels, Jay Nowels, Stub Gundy, Pete Thompson, Clarence Smith and those others who preceded Old Dad to the football Valhalla. Betcha, Spud.

Flash! R. H. S. students of Early U. S. History might try that water fountain on the west side of the Main Square as a concrete study. You know the one erected for the horses in the Naughty Nineties. Flash! Flash! It is running at the rate of 8 drops per minute.

Add to Vital Statistics

The W. E. Bausmans have a cow. Slim'll look swell driving a milk wagon.

That church fly was the winner in its bout with the organist Sunday morning.

95 percent of the fingerprints in Jasper County are on that basket of peaches on E. Washington Street.

Mr. A. Gangloff left today for his annual two weeks vacation. He'll Loaf on the south side of Main Street instead of the north side.

Willie Daniels is in a mess. His mustache is off center.

<1940>

Our candidates for the badge of honor--Don, George and Leo Tonner who Sunday fashioned a homemade snow plow and cleaned all the sidewalks within a block of their home, without thought of pay, and accepting none. Which was more than the city did with some of the walks not more than two blocks distance from the roaring loop.

I tingled all over through "Remember the Night" at the Palace last night, because of the theme song, "Back Home Again In Indiana." You know who put that one together, of course. Or you should. Our Rensselaer Jimmy Hanley authored that lovely piece of popular music that has lived so many years without losing any of its flavor. To Hoosiers at least it is a song that will

never die, particularly we Hoosiers of Rensselaer who remember Frank and Emma Hanley's boy, Jimmy who has crashed all the way to the top in movie music and Tin Pan Alley. The picture just sort of made me feel all the action was taking place right here in Rensselaer.

The Cecil Hudsons entertained at their out-door fireplace elm tree surrounded acres last night for their south side neighbors. The Cecil Hudsons did the same thing for their north side neighbors a week ago. The separate parties were because the south side neighbors don't speak to the north side neighbors and the north side neighbors don't speak to the south side neighbors. The S. C. Robinsons would have been there only they thought the event was tonight, which calls to mind the same thing happened to the Firman Thompsons and the F. G. Kresler Homestead party of Wednesday night. The Thompsons didn't go on Wednesday night but they did go on Thursday night. But the Kreslers weren't entertaining Thursday night so the Thompsons were just out of luck that's all.

Add to Vital Statistics:

The Keith Robinsons tended the Maurice Shadley's baby this noon. The Shadleys were getting their hair cut.

<1941>

Tom Kirk, the aeroplane flier from Rensselaer at Pensacola, Florida, has an hour and twenty minutes of a morning to get up, sweep his room, make his bed, shine his shoes, shave, put himself in spotless military clothes, eat breakfast, travel seven miles, change to flying clothes, and take off for a post-sun-up flight. It used to take his paw, Hugh, an hour and twenty minutes to get him to turn over a couple of times in bed of a morning, which was only the initial leg of getting up.

In the so long ago the Methodist Church of Rensselaer occupied the site of the Frank Hardeman residence. And equally so far back the town's only schoolhouse was down where C. E. Prior now lives. The first colony of homes centered in the current school house area. A part of one of those houses still standing is said to be a century old.

There's quite a debate on between Jack Neshitt and Davy Grow as to which has the most measles marks.

This early day history from the ever thoughtful Mrs. Mary D. Eger; "The Rensselaer fire and school house bells were shipped in from Cincinnati, Ohio on March 2, 1889. The weight of the fire bell was 450 pounds and cost \$171.26." So you present school kids needn't think you're the only pehhles on the beach (1904 spiffy talk). Your dad and mother and grandpappy, mayhe had plenty of bell to drag them to school. Mrs. Eger copied the information from the fly-leaf of a Bihle supposedly placed there by the father of Mrs. John I. Gwin. Mr. McGowan, his name was, an early day city marshal.

That stretch of courthouse sidewalk just replaced by a crew of four workmen and sixty-seven coping sitters was constructed before the present court house was put together. The inside block which was let alone was built after the new courthouse was erected and hordered with coping. (I simply marvel at my knowledge.)

That overnight flood of dandelions proves that Nature has such magic ways. I get no little nettled when some round head needles me for using dandelion as a floral decoration for my lapel. It has color, personality, warmth and dash, even though never favored with an orchid price tag. After all orchids are for folks that just want to show off. Let me alone. I know a fellow who has no use for nasturtiums and he calls himself a flower lover.

Nature surely was riding herd on that Weston Cemetery spread Memorial Day. One would have to travel far to find the equal of this beautiful huriel plot, now more than a century old. The thousands of blooms splashing the rolling green carpet of velvety softness presented a picture that only the brush of Mother Nature can paint. Of overawing heauty, I think when I say Weston Cemetery that day was the prettiest in all Memorial history I express the view of those hundreds upon hundreds who visited it that day to pay tribute to those loved ones buried there. I wonder if you didn't experience the same feeling of insignificance I did as I walked over the curving white-ribboned pathways flecked on either side

by the marble stones with their inscriptions, brief, yet so complete in their recordings of community history of those who dwelled herein years ago. And the modest stream girding it all on the south in ever-hending arc; and here a rivulet cutting through the City of the Dead, so small and quiet yet adding its bit to the peace and calm and heauty of the setting. Those white ribbons winding here and there--roadways of life hordered by the sleeping of another world so far away. Glistening slabs each telling in a hrief sentence the worldly span of the one lying beneath it. And in their cascading composite a story of time cascading through the hour glass of a century; their inscriptions stirring memory's cords to sweep one hack across the fields of time and restore him to childhood once again; other inscriptions telling a story of a period, defying memory's effort to bridge. It just seemed to me that it was a case of Nature being on parade, a carnival of heauty lined in striking etchings against the background off Mother Nature's hearth--surging floral surf rolling over a bed of green, Weston Cemetery at once coming all the beauty of the ages in one Grand Roundup this Memorial Day.

That Washington Street bridge which was knocked down to be set up in place of the Creamery hridge had stood there since 1884. And don't you tell me that isn't so, because I have Grandpa George L. Morgan to back me up. It was in 1884 that bridge was put up while Mr. Morgan was living in Mt. Ayr for a span of six months. When he went away the bridge wasn't there. When he came home it was. Need any clearer proof than that. Incidentally, that six-month period marks the only time since 1854 that Mr. Morgan has not been a resident of Rensselaer.

Last night's Palace hero: John Reeve. (Seems such a short time ago the little scamp was toting papers here. Come to think of it, it has been only a couple of weeks.) It was John who took the spotlight off the cinema as he searched for someone's kangaroo that was barking at the pictures. John is such a good finder. He found the malemute under a seat. The animal was a sort of oversize cow that didn't seem to care for the picture. Almost as hard to find as the tongue in your mouth. John lugged the jayhird to the front stoop and said "scat!" Lug lugging lug. John's still waiting for the applause that didn't come.

Things I learned by browsing through the city ordinance book: No motor vehicle or horse and buggy should be driven through the streets of the city at a gait more than 8 MPH. (That'll fix you 15 MPH speeders.) It is unlawful for one to park his horse at a town hitchrack for more than one hour in cold weather. Unless he (the horse) is properly blanketed, and then you may park your nag for two hours. (That'll put a stop to you smart alec horse parkers who give thought only to your own comfort.) It is unlawful to expectorate on a public sidewalk. (How do you like that Mr. Tobacco Chewer?) Swearing on city streets is strictly tahoo. (Stay home and do it.) Barbed-wire fence strung about your yard is a violation of the law unless it is protected by an outer fence of safe design. (Bet that'll burn the hardware merchants.) Cows and hogs must not roam the streets between sun-down and sun-up. (Keep your cows and hogs tuh home, Neighbor.) No child heneath the age of 16 years may legally be on a city street after 7:30 P.M., unless accompanied by parents or parent. (That'll teach them a lesson.) If your boy or gal rides his hicycle on a public sidewalk, he or she is going against the town law. (Now will you stop this recklessness. All "live" laws with teetb in them appearing on the village statute books.)

Add to Vital Statistics

There's a hlight on the Ed Loy honeymoon trip. He hasn't heen able to learn the RHS Froehel game score.

Bernard Haskell still thrills to the knowledge be won the most heautiful haby prize of all Jasper County some years ago.

Waldo Garrigus sent his sons to reform school today. So they wont bother him during fishing season.

I see they've changed the bridge rules again. Which won't burt me none. I hadn't learned the old ones yet.

If Mrs. Orla Cloouse will look under the bed, she'll find that is where her hushand swept the floor litter that accumulated during her absence.

Willard Merritt once walked on his hands into a school room. And then stood on his feet in the corner all afternoon because his teacher said so.

Granpa George L. Morgan recalls he rode side-saddle the last two miles of Sherman's March to the sea.

I never thought Jack Large looked particularly elegant in a clothes pin apron

<1942>

What Rensselaer citizen has both front and last names ending with O? That's easy . How about Waldo Taylo? And what husband-wife combination tote the same nickname? Another easy one. You didn't happen to think of the C. R. Benjamins while you were guessing, did you? "Dick" Benjamin and "Dick" (Mamie Parkinson) Benjamin.

George W. Hopkins, long time Mayor of Rensselaer prints more than he writes. A habit I have fallen into almost to the exclusion of the kind of writin' they taught me in school. The trouble with my penmanship education was heart trouhle. I had more heart for the teacher than for the penmanship.

It was one year ago today that Henry Toben accidentally locked Mrs. Tohen in the family benhouse. The subject still stirs up trouhle at the Toben ranch.

I got the biggest holt out of reading that barrel crackers are on their way hack because the cracker makers are shy on boxes and sacks. That's the way it should be anyhow. I always thought a cracker tasted hetter coming from the barrel than from anywhere else. How about you. It seems to me that a lot of old-fashioned things would be popular again were they to be brought back. After all tastes don't change very much, it's merely that fashion governs one too many times. I think the drabbest people are those who let conventions take absolute sovereignty over them. If a fellow doesn't care for lohster en casserole, I like to bere him speak right up and say so right in the presence of snohs. And the same with the spaghetti that you have to twine about a fork in endless yards. Take me, I never eat that stuff simply because along comes a season when the society leaders declare that one must eat the original Italian spaghetti or be lost. Look what happened to Mussolini. And marmalade, Hell, we called it jelly when I was a kid and it tasted danged good spread at a proper depth over huttered hread. For that

matter bread and butter with a top layer of sugar at a proper depth wasn't to be snubbed. I like to remember home made ice cream. You may think of the humble means in which it was manufactured--with one of those hand cranks on the side of some kind of receptacle affair. But the sweaty work of cranking the barrel-like contraption surely had its reward in tasty ice cream that seemed of a flavor that none today can match. Maybe I live too much in the past. And there was always enough of it go around.

It seems to me the American public is always squawking about this and that, including the sugar rationing business. Just because it fell to my lot to be not permitted to register until the final day, those who had passed through the alleged ordeal seemed to take particular delight in preparing me for the worst. So when I went down to Prof. Cleveland's Sugar Stadium last night I was prepared to make an entire evening of it. I even went so far as to put on my other shirt and prepared to sit. And what happens? Only ten of the most delightful minutes I have encountered this season and I came away with a grump on because I wasn't permitted to hang around the Syrup Stockade for an extended spell. All my life I have played No. 5 for good luck. Last night was no exception I went early and chose Seat 5, which meant I would be in the first group to take the sugar shellacking when the evening session began. For once something started on time. It would when there was such gorgeous scenery to be looked over. Hardly had the registrars taken their places than along comes the big watchman, Prof. Cleveland himself. The hands were still shy of seven p.m. but he said the festivities would start anyway. I clung to seat 5 and the Prof. started to sorting us out. To me he said: "Would you mind going over to that chair beside that lady and tell her the answers?" I couldn't believe my ears when I saw the one he designated me for. The old No. 5 worked again. I had sat there hoping he wouldn't assign me to Prof. Bausman, Prof. Holt, Prof. Davisson or some other non-essential of the male battalion. He didn't. That Cleveland isn't a chump all the time. I almost bowled him over getting to the designated seat. I said to her: "Hello, Sugar." I knew I had scored with that hit of highly original wit here in Sugar Stockade, for she came right back with: "What's your name?" "Me?" The fellow who had just been nominated for a

county office. But I knew she was only ribbing me and was entirely in the mood for a hit of sugary conversation for next she said, "We're racing to see who can fill in the most cards this evening." I knew by that she wanted me to stay for a long time. I realized she was tremendously interested in me and my history, for right away she began asking me my weight, how tall I might be, how old I was and a lot of questions about my family. She asked me the color of my eyes. I replied by turning them on her. She wrote brown. They're blue. Here was a gal who could teach me a lot of angles about working fast. And I thought I had been around. I knew she was prying plenty when she asked me my wife's name. She seemed so relieved to find out I had no sort of tieup like that. I caught on she was stringing out matters by asking my Aunt Prissy's middle name, but I good naturedly fell into the spirit of the occasion and came back with all the answers in my usual snappy fashion. I'd made up my mind to hold out on her. That sugar card or no sugar card, romance or no romance she wasn't going to pry from me the secret that my great-grandpappy was chased out of the Hudson Bay country in the spring of '62 for whipping a whale almost to death with a buggy whip. After she had learned all she wanted to know from me, we fell into an engaging conversation. I said: "Well, so long, Sugar. I'll be seeing you." The syrup fairly dripped from her as she replied: "Step over, please, Next." The Great Gossiper had scored in the League of Hearts again. Thanks to the aid of Cupid Cleveland, master of Sugar Stadium.

A notorious figure was in Rensselaer last week to deliver license plates for 1943. D. C. Stephenson, Grand Dragon of the defunct Ku Klux Klan, now doing a life jolt for that Ohermeyer thing. He is a part-time trusty and member of the Michigan City prison crew delivering plates in Northern Indiana.

I'll take Charlie Roberts, Jr., who down through the years of minding the Felder gas pumps has idled himself into more than 2000 breeds of advertising pencils and he expects to make his grand total around 25,000 before Gabriel trumpets. Charlie finds that the pencil collecting business a most interesting past time as well as an idle time killer. It adds to his geography knowledge. He has a knack of laying out the pencils with an eye to color that adds to the charm of the display.

Add to Vital Statistics

Charles L. Murphy went to the picture show the other night. Because the Sisters of the Circle were having a hollering card game at his house. Every feminine employee of the State Bank wore a polka dot dress to work Monday A.M.

Frank Gaines hasn't been hungry since he saw two restaurant signs which said: "Boneless Cat" and "T. B. Steak."

Bill Campbell after thirty years of trying finally got an card from R.H.S. during the gas rationing classes last week.

< 1943 >

Rensselaer used to have a pie merchant who always advised you to take a certain make of pie because the other brands were several days old. It developed after a long, long investigation that the particular make he always recommended was the one he found most difficult to peddle. Why'n't he stop making it? I wouldn't know either. Ossian has a pie manufacturer who was in high dudgeon the day a smart alec came in and said: "Give me a piece of that huckleberry pie." The pie pointed to was apple. (My, aren't the flies bothersome this spring.)

I learn that the late Philander Benjamin, so rich a part of Rensselaer's earlier years, and another party whose name I do not know, were the first to have telephones in the town of Rensselaer. Crudely constructed contraptions that permitted the two of them conversation without going cross-town to see one another. The other telephone was located out there in the old depot district.

M. D. Gwin passes out personal match packs which feature a picture of a German Police dog.

Youngest merchant on Main Street: Arthur Tonner. He sells shoe shines and good ones. No charge for the plug Prof.

One could scarcely helieve so youthful a fellow as Dr. I. M. Washburn came to Rensselaer via stage coach 66 years ago. With his parents, the late Dr. and Mrs. N. B. Washburn, he made the long overland trip via that type of conveyance. The family established residence on S. McKinley Avenue. It was also from Dr. Washburn I learned that once upon a time there was an Indian village only a short

distance west of where Curtis Creek Country Club house now stands. And when the course was constructed a decade or more ago many Indiana bones were unearthed by plow blades.

The loveliness of the public library grounds, I don't believe there is a prettier spot in Rensselaer. The magnificent foliage, the lovely shrubbery, the grass perfect lawn and the well spaced plants give a landscaping effect that is certainly marvelous. The building itself with its thousands of books nestling among such a setting gives Rensselaer another place which it well may be proud. Quiet and dignified and handsome Jasper County Library must rival any in the nation in appearance, and service.

This 'n that: There is both female and male asparagus. And naturally the female specie is considered the best by expert growers. One of the small asparagus growers of the Demotte area already this season has purchased \$100 worth of rubber bands with which the asparagus is bunched. Chicken houses are erected in asparagus patches and the occupants are given the fanciest of valet service because of their great value in eradicating bugs. Snooty persons, those chickens. I don't think there is anything more interesting right now than riding among the asparagus patches which are interspersed with generous tomato tracts, onion set tracts, potatoes, cahbage and so many other types of products to be found in truck growing areas. These tracts represent bonanzas which are quite beyond the comprehension of those who have never taken a trip into the land of truck farming. One acre of asparagus ground last year produced the mighty sum of \$2500. Asparagus growers refer to the asparagus stalks not sent to market as "crooks." Because of their odd sbapes which do not make for a pretty packet of the choice vegetable. The crooks are just as delectable as their handsomer brothers and sisters hut because of their less inviting appearance they do not hring the top price from choosy customers.

According to John Merritt one of the better sights is to view the Fm. Campbell and Howard Day gardens. He said sights, I didn't. I think Jonathan used the word as slang rather than in the sense of its literal meaning. I don't know what he means to infer. If you are so curious as to wish to find out just what he meant, you might stroll down to the Campbell and Day tracts.

Rabbit Town has always been my favorite section of Rensselaer. Its name is of dim origin, but Old Timers say it resulted from the fact that in the olden golden days it was an all-out-doors rabbit warren with the sky's blue canopy serving as its roof. Rabbit Town is suggestive of cozy homes with vines of this and that rambling in such helter-skelter, utter, hut beautiful confusion; of white-washed trellises laden with green vines mottled with reds and yellows and pinks and blues; of well kept velvety lawns and shade trees rearing to such magnificent heights, hoary with age, but kingly of hearing and by night gossiping among themselves to tell tall yarns and re-trace history of a lost age when Rabbit Town was untouched by marks of man, huddling goliaths living in the past in a kingdom of their own to which those of the present generation are barred; Rabbit Town, slow of pace, living apart in a deep quiet and caring naught for the hustle of a too accelerated world, content to live each day in the glory of its quaint past and relishing old-fashioned flowers and enjoying homespun neighborliness of such distinct individuality to be found within its borders; so many, many traces of the country side to set it quite apart from the town itself its lineage entirely of an era of the long ago; clean streets strolling past tidy homes and alleys alive with holly hocks which without fail always furnish me with a mental picture of the pompous Royal Northwest Mounted Police. That's the way I like to think of Rabbit Town.

Howard Duggleby, quintupling, so to speak, in brass and making of himself a target for the accurate bean-shooter snipers of the Parr School. Pressed back into a pedagogue role because the Union Township teaching post was still empty when the term opened. And him with no more to do than serve as city utilities clerk, fireman, meter reader and ticket taker at the local film plants.

Ensign Dode Bausman spoke to King George of England during a recent inspection of a Rensselaer gun crew. After King George had spoken to him.

"Army talk--One of the home boys in the Army thought before he went in that they were having fun with when they told him he would have to learn a new language. He now writes that it isn't all new, hut he found several new words he had to learn. Here are some samples:

Hut--One, as in "hut, tup tre, fup."
Harch--March, as in "forward harch."
Harms--Arms, as in "horder harms."
Harrite--Right as in "Harrite dress."
Hrreuh--Rear as in "hrreuh harch."
Toon--Platoon, as in "talion, toon, halt."
Awplexcowfa--as in All present and accounted for, as in "toonhawplexcowfa."

A Fountain Park legend has it that an unmarked grave tucked away in a remote corner of the Park is that of a gypsy girl who died in the so long ago.

1943 marks the 100th anniversary of the Christmas card. In the days way back there Christmas cards did not feature Santa Claus, holly wreaths, sleighbells and such hut rather ridiculously garbed tramps, colored boys eating watermelon and so on.

It was 9 years ago the 9th of November at 9 o'clock that Uncle Johnny Alter, one of the grandest of all Jasper County pioneers finished his fulsome and rich life on this sphere. Farmer, naturalist, poet, writer, gentleman and God-fearing man he left an indelible imprint on Time's pages. Even though Uncle Johnny left us for the new and grander experience of eternal life, taking with him alert, active, never-tiring energy, scholarly attainment, love of beauty, ambition and excellency his magnificent qualities remain as incentives to those whose pleasure it was to know him or read his works. The Alter Farm was a haven of pleasant refuge for the weary wayfarer, a haven that yet remains for those want to taste of Hoosier hospitality in its broadest sense. "Rosehud Farm" they called it. Uncle Johnny worked hard, dreamed some in the sunlight and never were his gnarled hands or agile mind given to procrastination. He was never without inspiration and somehow between his myriad duties of pioneer farming, he combined hunting and fishing and trips into the deeply foliated wood to become a naturalist of professional authority. Or perchance his few spare hours aside from his farming was given over to adding to his chapters of "Hoosier Hunting Ground," which he wrote under the nom de plume Bill Bat, whether from sheer modesty or because he liked the clipped rhythm of the name I do not know. It was such grand fellows as he who turned the wilderness into the paradise of today.

Add to Vital Statistics

Wm. Webb, the recently retired Court House custodian and the broom he operated for 7 years, came out even. To the last straw.

The Clarence Garver garden financial report stands at: Cost of garden \$4; Yield of garden to date, \$2.60.

Attorney John E. Hopkins didn't complete his supper dishes until well past 9:15 last night.

The linotype operator is going to join a bridge club and find out what's new in town.

That cap Fred Peck lost through a train window en route to Colorado in 1908 has never been found.

John Merritt has twice tipped his hat to that feminine pasteboard figure in the Joe Lunghi restaurant.

<1944>

The Gossiper's reference a few days ago to the romantic days of the Kankakee river when it was a beautiful confusion of wilderness quickly tapped the memory wells of several people before the ink had scarcely dried on the newspaper. Information came cascading down the chutes to reveal the picturesqueness of the river in days ago, delightful anecdotes, historical nuggets and hardiness of those magnificent figures who defied the wilderness in a kingdom all their own--a world apart from the busy thoroughfares of man, a world in Nature's true setting before man's hand came along to blemish it with dratted things in the interest of so-called progress. I am indeed indebted to Kenneth Allman who rang the telephone lustily to inform me that in Jasper County Library here is a book entitled, "Vanishing River," which presents a most worthy delineation of the life of the river and its habitues in far yonder yesterdays when Old Man River was the mecca for bred-in-the-bone sportsmen in search of fish or the game birds which blacked out the skies in season and again the fur-bearing animals who challenged their traplines by winter.

The Diary of a New County Treasurer: January 1, 1944: January 2, Sunday: January 3, I make my first official appearance in my new office and find Glamor Battalion there ahead of me. Waited for applause. No applause. Was told I could make myself useful by going for the mail. Made way to post office without benefit of guide. Found right key for post office box in

flock of keys on very first try. Inserted key and learned it worked. Found card saying: "Box Rent Due." Paid County Treasurer's office box rent. Returned to County Treasurer's office with Box Rent receipt and sparse mail. Highly pleased with self. Handed Box Rent Due receipt and sparse mail to Glamor Battalion and sat down. Glamor Battalion didn't look up. Tried to be nonchalant. Couldn't be nonchalant. Man came in and looked me over like I was a prize cow at county fair competition. Said his name was Harold Sage. First customer of 1944. Asked Harold Sage what he wanted. He said he wanted some stamps. Advised him to go to post office we were shy on stamps. Felt silly when Glamor Battalion brushed by me and sold Harold Sage some intangible tax stamps. Another man came in and I asked him what he wanted. He was Van Wood. He said he wanted to pay his taxes. I laughed and said: "Hell, Mister, you've made a mistake, we print newspapers here." He looked right past me to Glamor Battalion and said: "Is there anyone here who knows anything?" Then I remembered I wasn't at the Republican office but was installed as New County Treasurer. Tried to apologize to Van Wood. Felt better when he said; "I just considered the source." Glamor Battalion made collection, Van Wood went out as the first taxpayer of 1944. Some more men came in and ignored me and called for Glamor Battalion. Didn't feel good after that. Am waiting until the ladies come in and then Glamor Battalion know how it feels to be snubbed. Tried to be nonchalant again. Couldn't be nonchalant. Raised window shade. Pulled down window shade after Glamor Battalion scowled. Picked up newspaper. Laid down newspaper. Got my hat and went over to Bugs Ramey's place to take edge off my nervousness. Went back to Treasurer's office more confused than before. Hell, Bugs must be nuts too. Asked Glamor Battalion if I could help her. She said, "Yes, take a walk and get some exercise." Came back to the Republican office where I was less bewildered: January 4, Got up earlier than usual so I could try the key to the office door proper. It worked the fourth time. Went inside and waited for daylight. At least that was what I told myself. In reality was waiting for arrival of Glamor Battalion. Glamor Battalion showed up and asked me if I slept there all night just to show my importance. Heart broken that she mistook romance for ego. Tried to open vault.

Couldn't open vault. Glamor Battalion opened it first time by simple twist of dials. Glamor Battalion gave me sardonic grin. Picked up newspaper. Laid it down and elevated window shade. Asked Glamor Battalion if I could have my 75 cents for Box Rent due. Glamor Battalion told me to file claim against county and wait for first of month. Am waiting: January 5, Raised window shade. Opened the mail. Backed away from mail in utter confusion. Asked Glamor Battalion if there was anything else I could do. She suggested I go back to the Republican office and see if it was daylight over there. Found it was daylight over there.

I wonder whatever became of Charles George Washington Beasey, and of Tail-Holt, one time bright spot in the life of old Gillam township. Or was it Gillam? In Jasper County there was once upon a time a town known in Barkley Township as Velma. And it had a post office. Charles Ross Benjamin the ex-R.P.O. man told me. He also told that Mr. Richardson, father of Mrs. C. W. Postill, was the Velma postmaster. Aix used to boast of a post office. The frontier is passing. And so long as you are talking a lot of this and that, how many of you recall the days when Uncle Alfred McCoy, the banker man, during an election year sponsored the "Sweet Singers of Israel," made up of Rensselaer singers who sang at a rally at McCoysburg, the town named in honor of Uncle Alf, who discussed the "issues of the day" on the occasion of that historical political rally. A special train ran from Rensselaer to McCoyshurg that day of a mauve decade.

Iroquois Creek is showing symptoms of going on a Spring rampage. I like old Man March. Like him for his blustering blowing bombastic self. I like him when he shakes his cane and roars dire threats, like when he shakes his mane and dares anyone to challenge his right as the Storm King. I like his dare-deviltry, his raging, his scowling, his thundering challenge to mankind. I like his chameleon-like effects, his rain mixed with sun, his snow mixed with warmth, his sleet mixed with the cold, the sting of his whip-cracker winds, his teasing signs of Spring, with the yellowed grass taking on green tint, his gradual thaws, his semi-fogs and surly skies at times punctuated by the sun seeking to climb higher into the skies that day may lengthen and Spring and Summer may come and he awash with flowers Mr. March reminds me of

some people I know--gruff exterior over a soft-as-melting hutter heart.

Fred McColly came in from the sagebrush country to inform me that Tom Richardson was the postmaster at Velma and that he was the father of Mrs. John Hayes of this city and not the father of Mrs. C. W. Postill as I erroneously stated, again because of listening to Judge Leopold. And the next day Mrs. Hayes herself came in apologetically to straighten me out on the matter. From Mrs. Hayes I got direct-from-the-feed box information. She told me among other things that in the days of the Velma post office, when her father was serving as postmaster there that mail service between Rensselaer and Velma at first was a three-trips-a-week basis and later became a daily routine. She said the first mail carrier between the two offices was a Mr. O'Meara whose son Tom, well remembered by some of you, taking over the reins of the Pony Express team. Another mail packin' man of that route was Mr. Jonathan Wehber. Mrs. Hayes was just of a notion to challenge the location of Tail-Holt, which I said was in Gillam Township. She was willing to compromise, and did so by saying she thought it was on the Gillam-Barkley boundary line. She also came up with the highly welcome information that her husband was born right in the heart of Nuhbin Ridge and has always been highly proud of that fact. Now as to the Tail-Holt business, there are those to say it was called that because one day a horse mired down during the spring planting season. The owner assisted by gabby neighbors giving advice on how to get the animal back to dry land, tried every method he knew without result. A straw-sucking bystander said: "Get a tail-holt on her and pull 'er out." The method was fruitful and so Tail-Holt was named.

Will Simons tells me that he well remembers Tail-Holt which he says was a community that spread itself in both Gillam and Barkley Townships. He says its capitol was Hatboxtown. Its industries consisted chiefly of a still and a grist mill.

Kniman was once known as Moonshine. Then it became Niman then the present Kniman. I know nothing at all of the Genesis of Kniman. Have often wondered about its name. Perhaps it was named after some family of

remote days, far too remote for me and no doubt for some of you of the older generations.

Joseph D. Yeoman was Rensselaer's first postmaster. His salary was \$1 a year and he probably earned every cent of it.

According to legend and it undoubtedly is based on fact, Beaver Lake has as its hub a spot known as "Bogus Island," rendezvous of horse thieves and counterfeiters. It stood as the most notorious center of outlawry in the then young middle west. Often I have heard old timers speak of it. Horse thief raids were of almost weekly occurrence. Where now well drained farm lands are to be seen once was Beaver Lake and Bogus Island. The stretch parallels Highway 41 in the vicinity of Morocco. Grandpa L. Morgan has told me that in the days of Beaver Lake it required as much as two or perhaps three days to make the trip from Rensselaer to the artery that is now known as Highway 41. No outsider ventured closer than seeing distance to Bogus Island, for the inhabitants there of, were not reluctant to take a pot shot at any "foreigner" who ventured what they considered too close to its shoreline.

I am reminded that Young America no longer goes in for bird egg collecting which makes me sad. Maybe some of the lads residing in the country do, but I doubt it. I remember when I was a kid you were just a nobody if you didn't have a wide collection of bird eggs. Perhaps it was wrong to take them from the nest, and perhaps that is the reason the custom died out. But to me bird-egg-collecting remains a cherished memory of boyhood. I guess bird-egg-collecting, rafting on the Iroquois, daring to go into the aged, windowless houses where spooks were supposed to hold high carnival in the dead of night, swiping watermelons, hopping freight cars and things like that built characters that developed such fellows as Elbert Antrim. Of course, today's boyhood practices develop great men and boy life with its traditions and customs no matter their type or period will continue to make America the greatest country of all. But I like to think of my own kid days and believe no kid since has ever had as much fun as I and others of my time. Guess maybe its a sign of advancing age. It is true of every generation, however to think that real boyhood began and ended with

him. And so each generation jealously challenges the boyhood of the succeeding one.

Our former Suzanne Hopkins and Betty Hutton, screen celebrity, are closer than two high school girl chums. La Hutton gave the Suzanne Hopkins tel-bell a most vigorous ringing the moment she hit San Antonio with the Bond Cavalcade out of Hollywood a few weeks back.

That marvelous number that swung around the Ross Rowen grocery corner headed north for choir practice t'other evening, I'm left breathless. Teaches school is the way I remember. One of my chief heart throbs. I never quit marveling at Mother Nature. Every year afore I know it she comes up with a freshest of flowers, painting the Spring landscape. It is magic unsurpassed and although each year I think I'll catch her act the very first day and lie in wait for it, I never have called the turn on her. Since I was a lad Old Maw Nature every April without fail has turned on the Tulip Bed Film in our yard and the wonder of it all has never diminished. Of course, I have come to expect them and as long ago as two weeks I prepared myself to catch the color show on the first morning. Again I failed miserably. It was a neighbor who called my attention to them and when I expressed disbelief she told me they had been there for three mornings. I think each year that Mother Nature's contributions become more numerous and varied. I like the Old Gal. Like the way she sprinkles color all over the place without asking anyone's permission. I wish I might be surrounded by acres of flowers the year around.

The Gossiper is in love. I have a terrific "case" on that Red Bud tree in the southwest corner of the courthouse yard. Such a gorgeous creature. I think the other "gals" of the town would be jealous no end. They tell me that tree is 70 years old. That its life was spared in its infancy only after a quarrel among the towners. There were those who wanted to snip it off clear to the roots because it was sort of an ugly duckling, malformed and without personality, a scrubby sort of weakling that had not one iota of "It," according to the antis. They say that at the time its fate hung in the well known balance that the late Tom Saylor, then custodian of the yard, had his hatchet poised when he was halted by some of the pros. So the matter went to the

commissioners, the town council and other authorities. It was decided to let the "kid" keep growing if she could and that if she did not improve her looks then down she would go. Well, I leave it to you if she doesn't have all the looks one could ask. Those who watch the tree from year to year say "Just wait a few more days." If I were you I'd be courteous to the extent of giving her a look and deep bow every time you pass her. Gosh, Old Maw Nature gets on some of the dandiest get-ups.

Not long ago I had occasion to pass the Primary school building during school hours. My curiosity overcame me and I yielded to the temptation to go inside and see how much the old place had changed since I occupied a seat there. What once seemed such a vast place now seemed so small, proof that the years dwarf dimensions and subscribing to the theory that all things are relative. My heart leaped when I peered through the door of the second grade, for there as inviting as in the olden days were the seats I knew so well, particularly No. 1 seat, second row, starting from the west, the one I occupied. Many times since that golden year I have recalled my advantageous position, for it was the habit of the pretty teacher to stand in front of that desk when she was conducting a class. How I thrill yet in remembering that sometimes she held my hand or patted me on the head. Kid day mirages it all was I suppose, but none the less exciting and cascading memories.

In a cemetery near Remington is a headstone that bears the name--- ---Fagot. Only one among many it is, yet the name should stir the memory of Jasper County's oldest generation. For that name is the name of the man who was the first to lose his life in an automobile accident in Jasper County. An accident that occurred south of Rensselaer on the Remington road in the year 1905. The unusual occurrence attracted statewide attention.

Squire Delos Dean's estate may be the showplace of Rensselaer 'ere Fall blends itself into winter. Recently the Squire and Mrs. Dean elected to purchase a wide assortment of flower seed from a widely known seed company. Many packets of seed put in an appearance as a result of their purchase order. Asked what she wished done with them, Mrs. Dean replied, "Just mix them up." The Squire, who at the time was a bit

on the amateurish side of the flower planting business, followed instructions--he thought. The contents of each packet were poured into one pan. Then he asked Mrs. Dean what was the next step. She suggested a bit of trench digging and after that the planting of the seed. The faithful Squire did as told. What Mrs. Dean meant in the first set of instructions was, of course, to mix the rows, a few rows of pinks a few rows of something else, and so on. What she will get, of course, will be a pink here a sunflower or some other specie in the next hill, then a petunia, and so on and on. It all should create a pock mock blanket of color that will be the richest floral scenery in Rensselaer. At any rate that's the story they tell on Squire Dean. It may be that after the finished product blazes into bloom the Squire will find himself the pioneer of a flower garden plan that will come into general usage and lift his name high on the scroll of worldwide horticultural achievement. Just watch and see.

ADD TO VITAL STATISTICS

In his kid days the Rev. Fr. Dirksen, C.P.P.S., was a pipe organ pumper at 15 pumps per cent.

Ray Shoup years ago appeared in the title role of "The Ham." He was the Ham.

Will Putts took in 15 cents and nine yards of conversation after 10 p.m. last night.

George Collins forgot something when he returned home from down town the other day. Mrs. Collins.

Bugs Ramey deliberated a long time before quitting 5th grade to get married.

Mrs. Stan Brusnahan is the wife of the greatest broadjumper in all Parr history.

The last barber that worked over Archibald Lee's head ran out of hair before he did conversation.

When an army supply sergeant stuck military duds on Glen Robinson and found every dud fit he said, "Damned if I don't think you're deformed."

Edward Ames uses the backwards turn in eating a roasting ear.

Will Bahler disassembled the only family lawn mower on the front room davenport last night. He won't do that again.

B. J. Jarrette can recite "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." Without pause. Herman Tuteur went to Remington for a cup of coffee and hack in 41 minutes.

Told that his brother Crockett was going to quit farming. Bro. Carl Henry replied, "Well he won't have to slow down a hellofalot."

The Rev. Earl Moore preaches on Sunday. Mrs. Moore the rest of the week. Says he.

The Earl of Reynolds got two (2) eggs from his 32 head of chickens laying hard today.

Bill Leopold, curtain roller for the 1-act play tonight, has a tough evening of work ahead. Onct up. Onct down.

The Critser Bros. are auctioning off Bachelor Bill Delaney but aren't doing so well. Too many people want too much change hack. And they don't want Bill.

1945

All Demotte is laughing at Inventor Emmet Erwin your Deputy County Auditor, who had the water pipes at the home of his Fairchild Aunts out of kelter during the sub-zero blast a few days back. Experiencing trouble in getting his car started, the emhryo inventor rigged up a contraption, perfectly original, in the form of a pipe which he coupled to the furnace to get hot water via hose which was trained on his car to get the motor hot. Discovering he was getting only cold water, he made some more inside adjustments to correct the defects, and by cracky it worked! That is the part concerning the coaxing of the car into starting, for the hot water was forthcoming. So far, so good, but it was not good when the Fairchild Aunts found that the contraption gave them hot water out of all faucets. Twenty-four hours a day with no drinking water to be had. I suppose a fellow gets that way from being a bachelor too long.

Shadows from the past: The Greenherry Thornton store at Surrey, Indiana. Gosh, there were times I grow so lonely for the picturesque days of Surrey and Parr, two teeming villages on the Monon. That is they teemed until the dratted auty-mohile came along and made a farce of home town living by putting the citizenry on rubber wheels. Since then no one has stayed home to enjoy the daily life of his own village. Distance means nothing anymore, and with that era moving in, Surrey and Parr,

like all other towns, gave up the picturesqueness of home life and went gallivanting around. What I started out to say is that the romance of getting on a Monon train and shooting up to Surrey or Parr for a day of it, has gone. I have always said and continue to say that there is nothing more intriguing than to sit in a country grocery store and listen to the talk and study the counters and shelves. It's a rich era of American life that sadly has passed on into the limbo of dimming things. I remember the 4th of July celebrations staged at Parr annually. There was no livelier spot in all Jasper County than the Union Township huh. The old-fashioned events that made up the day were just about the most exciting things one could expect to come to the county every twelve-month. The husiness area was the village's front yard where the village lived and played and enjoyed the wholesomeness of community life. I always thought Surrey was a hit pouty about the attention that Parr drew, hut that is only natural. The smaller town is always a wee hit envious of the larger one. But there were times when Surrey broke out with excitement of that nature that took the play away from its big town rival. The athletic contests between the two spots produced the keenest kind of rivalry, whether it was baseball, wrestling, or just plain fisticuffing. Each town had its champs. It was no night at the old Ellis theater when a champ from Parr or Surrey failed to have a place on the card. Usually the card was top heavy with fellows from those two places. Then came the goose that killed the golden egg. The pros saw the rich pickings here and moved in, gangster fashion, and the local celebrities became hack seaters. The pros took them in such quick fashion that soon it was an all-pro field. And then you know what happened. There were fixed affairs and finally the locals were taken to a financial cleaning and the operty house went back exclusively to legit stage shows for which the huilding was erected. Yeah, it makes me sad and depressed when I get to thinking of the good old days that will come back no more.

Thomas Cox of our town was horn in Bath, England. At sixteen he completed school and went out on his own, to return two years later. Among his hread-and-hutter activities was that of a jockey. In 1904 he struck out for new fields. In that year he arrived in Canada and in 1905 he came to our own America and Rensselaer. He served in four wars, the 1st heing World War I.

He served under 4 queens. Sir Thomas Cox has been around. The Earle of Reynolds whose beautiful mother was born at sea when her father was captain of boat plying out of his native Wales. With his dad and mother and kid brother, Joe, Earle from Reynolds for Yankton, S. D., in the 1850's when his father, John Reynolds was appointed district assistant paymaster for the Indian tribes in the Dakotas. Ulysses S. Grant was president at the time. The Earle rode horsehack most of the long journey and at times sat his kid brother on a horse to relieve him from the monotony of wagon riding. En route the Reynolds horses, with the Earle aboard were matched in races against the Indian horses. And seldom lost, to the consternation of the tribesmen who were always willing to wager. It was those Indian racing days that fitted the Earle for a career as a jockey. From jockey he went to Roller Hockey and pro bicycling as a member of the famous Tatersall's club of Chicago. Then hack to the roller rink where he became so sensational that ice hockey teams clamored for his services and so into ice hockey he went. He led the first U. S. hockey team into Canada, seat of the hockey world. Then to world ice skating championships and from there to the vaudeville stage where he teamed up with the immortal Lillian Russell with the Anna Held show. And while there meeting the Nellie Donegan he was to wed.

The Monon depot was completed in 1911. Station master G. E. Wilcox stated that once upon a time there were as many as 18 passenger trains daily through Rensselaer. So you can readily see what a terrific toll the years have wrought. I wonder whatever became of the kid who used to beg the town blacksmith to pound a horseshoe nail into a finger ring. I always thought the blacksmith shop smoke was the greatest perfume of all smokes. The village smith always used to welcome the passing kids into his shop. I always marveled at the dexterity of the smith and secretly avowed that when I grew up I was going to be a blacksmith with hulging biceps and the sweat and soil of honest toil on my face. But I never got around to it. All of which for no reason at all brings me around to the case of Mr. Granville Moody of the Barkley country. Last week it was that he left his Barkley acreage to venture into town to see a game of Basketball, which was to be his first in so many

years. Now Mr. Moody doesn't always get to places on time, but eventually he gets there just the same, so it was on this his night out in herled shirt. Driving to Rensselaer armory he was a bit surprised upon observing the building's lights were not on and that he was the sole person about the premises. "Must start their games later than usual," he thought. So he sat. And sat. Still nothing happened. Mr. Moody became curious and provoked. So he drove away and headed for the schoolhouse to inquire when the game would start, thinking there might be someone in the schoolhouse who might know something. And there in front of the school house were long lines of basketball fans awaiting entrance to the gym. You see basketball hasn't been played in the armory for ten years. But Mr. Moody living way out in Barkley Township wouldn't be expected to know that.

"Hoosier Hysteria" and "Hoosier Madness" which get a big play in Indiana news sheets this time of the year as the basketball tournaments rage first appeared in these columns 15 years back. (Listen to him brag.) Well, I betcha!

Life is strange and withal wonderful in so many many ways. We humans know so little after all and if the curtain could be lifted I have a notion we could learn that growing things know lots of things we smug humans do not know. You snarl at the snow and sleet, the cold and rain, but all are here for a purpose--giving life blood to the growing things. I suspect the zero temperatures which draw your ire are Nature's agency for ridding the trees and other plant life of whatever ails them, cleaning their systems of unhealthful refuses and giving them ruddy health for the summer to come when they don their warm weather attire to shed beauty and glamour over countryside. Winter's concoctions of weather doubtless are cure-all medicines for plant life the same as medicines are a cure-all for man. You remember in the years hack yonder that each March was a signal for a flurry of patent medicine advertising, which usually hit the "boiler plate" sections of small town newspapers. They appeared in the metropolitan sheets as well, but in fancier form, receiving the personal supervision of the house printers who dandied them up with balanced type and cuts. The cut invariably featured the good doctor, a monstrosity usually with spiked beard and other facial adornment which caused one to shudder even as much as the thought of

taking some of his bottled medicine. But the public clamor for spring clean-up medicine was so pronounced that the non-user thereof was looked upon as sort of a freak, a ne'er do well fellow too lazy to shed himself of the ruhhish his system had accumulated during the winter months of storm and cold. Human heings don't change much, no matter what the century. Nowadays we have vitamins. It used to be Peruny, or Crazy Crystals or mineral oils, etc., that would make a new man of you. I imagine the counters are just as laden with spring cure-alls as in the old days, but there is more dignity in the wrapper and the labels and perhaps the good doctor has had his beard trimmed or more probahly he has no beard at all hut a little mustachio that is crisp and curled. I think it is good to be old fashioned in a lot of ways and I am not one to hurl jeers at old timer for his notion that for a 50 cent piece he could have his every ill cleared up in a hurry. I remember once that an onion poltice applied to my kid sister when she was desperately ill succeeded where the medicines of science had failed. And it did it in a hurry. I have no quarrel with patent medicines, with any medicine in fact, and no doubt there is some virtue to even the least healing of it. But I still get a bang when I see the good old Doc with spiked beard extolling by the advertising page the bealing qualities of his medicine, hut whyinthell he has to feature that beard is heyond me.

The beauty of those stately gendarmes which stand as sentinels so religiously throughout the year guarding premises as they were curdled with snow yesterday. Meaning of course your friends, the trees. So leafy in summer so abjectly pitiful when winter robs them of their garments, but brave always. Everywhere the trees present a beautiful picture. You know sometimes when the wind scuttles through the trees, rippling the boughs and leaves. I like to think the old fellows are gossiping just like you and I or the ladies of the Sewing Circle. Sometimes I think the big grandpa trees are telling off their sons and daughters and admonishing them to not do this or that. They seem to be whispering at times, perhaps some choice hit of gossip that has occurred in the ranks of freedom.

Only last week when I was so waydown and still am, all I had to do was mention that I was not feeling so good, cold, one thing and another. And then quick as a flash there came that home

remedy. One fellow who sets himself up as an authority of ills of mankind recommended that going to hed early and staying there long would be just the tonic needed to right things. So I tried that, taking off for bed at 7 p.m. After sleeping what I thought was a long, long time I wakened to voices in the street. I was so pleased to think morning bad arrived, hut was filled with consternation upon looking out to find only pitch darkness. So a look at the clock and the discovery that now it was 20 minutes until 10 p.m. I suppose most of you have gone through similar experiences, trying to fear out a night of your sleep already in and still many bours to go. Someone told me that eating bread will make you go to sleep in a burry. So I tried that and then hack to bed. My stomach felt like it had a load of coal in it. Sleep wouldn't come, so I tried to listen to the radio. I don't like music except ragtime played by Prof. Perry W. Horton. Flipping the dial and boping to find something interesting, I happened upon a man who was spealing about the value of insurance. Ever listen to someone spealing about insurance around midnight? Surely there must be something more thrilling than that. Then I tried a newscast and found it was spun off at 7 p.m. So I walked awhile about the village streets boping to pick up a few loads of dirt, hut failed miserahly. People must be minding their own husiness better than in peace times. By now the clock was all the way around to 2 a.m. Then I stuck upon an idea that seemed grand and so proved to be. The time surely sped after I elected to telephone people to see what they were doing, including the fellow that recommended to go to hed early to cure myself of the ails that afflict me. He didn't like it so well, but by now I was in a mood not to care. I hated to bother central, but there was fun to be had and the hours melted like magic as I called up friends to pass the time of day, or morning rather, with them. I recommend early ayem telephone calls as the hest tonic of all when you need a tonic. You try it the next time you find sleep will not come. But please do not use my number.

Henry Tohen was in yesterday to say the Toben farm is equipped with a combination dinner hell and dog caller. The first few times he answered the bell, Mrs. Tohen curtly informed him to get on back to his field work that she was calling the dog. But Hen-ri kept on answering

the call and finally he became exasperated and said: "Well, if it's the dog you're wanting instead of me, you'd better get two signals, one for the dog and one for me." So harmony was restored. But the dog kept on getting the major number of calls to come and eat.

Remember when the more daring boys snuck out behind the barn after a visit to the corn field to get corn tassels which they molded into a cigarette with free cigarette papers that always could be successfully begged at any smoke shop? And do you remember how the fellow who smoked cigarettes with real tobacco in them was frowned upon by the upper strata of society? He was just no good, that's all, doomed to an early grave because he was smoking what the snooty called "coffin nails." A tobacco pack string invariably yellow, dangling from his shirt pocket was the true emblem of the hand-made cigarette smoker, as much a part of shirt as the pocket itself. He didn't care if he was looked upon as a town toughie, matter of fact he was rather proud of it. There was still another brand of smoker in boyhood days, the one who actually would smoke buggy whip. The taste wasn't so good, but it gave him a feeling of extreme importance and caused him to be pointed out as a regular heller afraid of nothing. But the stomach revolt generally was sufficient to cure him after one trial of the unusual weed.

I think there is no lovelier spot in all Rensselaer than the Padgett Corner intersection where the trees crouched huddle formation seems to be tiptoeing to the very edge of the traffic lines in an apparent effort to hold rendezvous with one another and passerby. Their friendly boughs seem to be co-operating in forming a canopy and sprinkling shade over the road below, preventing it from being blistered by summer's sun.

Mists rising from the past, the Halleck and Halleck law offices have received a letter from a Pennsylvania Grain Commission farm addressed to Halleck Bros., Demotte, Ind. The letter said, "We have a buyer for four carloads of baled clover hay. Will you please quote a price?" Time ran out on the Halleck Hay House so long as fifty years ago, but during its day it was one of the flourishing business activities of its kind in the mid-west. More memory mists. Horses and buggies attached to the M. E. Church hitch rack. Uncle Joe Larsh standing in

front of his drugstore at twilight in the good old summer time. And the late B. F. Fendig doing likewise at his apothecary shop across the way. Hot sidewalks attempting without much success to scorch the calloused feet of barefoot boys. Those pear apples that used to bedeck a tree in the rear of the L. A. Bostwick home. The old ice house. The river's edge poker games. The linen dusters of the early auto days. The old Nowels House, with its balcony where star boarders sat of a summer night. Delos Waymire, the country boy in town celebrating by blowing a homemade willow whistle. Victor Hoover en route to his music teacher's home with brown music roll in hand, parched shoes on parched feet and not liking it at all. The weekly debates of the late Gen. George Healey and the late W. H. Parkison at Nowels' restaurant. Without anything ever settled. And each blaming the other to friend wife for his tardiness in arriving home. Grand Old Days.

Here's one for the families to battle over at their supper tables this evening. Is there more lawn in the courthouse yard than in Milroy Park? What's your guess? Fellows whose business it is to run the electric mowers say that Milroy Park has the larger grass acres, a statement which startled me no little. They being authorities on such matters, I accepted their statements, yet I still find it hard to believe and only a measuring stick will decide the question for me. Rollo Gates' boy Paul said it takes him eight hours to mow Milroy Park. Will Chambers does the courthouse trick in one forenoon if he gets an early start. I asked Paul why it took him 8 hours and Will only six to do a larger tract and Paul said: "Because there is more surface to mow in Milroy Park."

Frank Teach has settled the matter beyond peradventure, (How do you like that word?) of doubt. Mr. Teach who admits that in his younger days could step off a mile within one inch or less, arrived at the answer last night by stepping off the park lenthwise and sidewise and the courthouse likewise. His foot measurements showed 20,250 square feet for Milroy Park and 23,100 square feet for the courthouse. The park tennis court has 5,400 square feet which he deducted from the 20,250 which left a lawn amounting to 14,500 square feet. The courthouse itself occupies 3750 square feet by his reckoning, which deducted from 23,100 leaves 19,320 square feet of lawn to be mowed

by Will Chambers, and the courthouse mowing machine. In other words, Will mows 4470 square feet more of lawn than does Paul Gates, Milroy Park's mowing machine man. (Now you can go back to sleep.)

Gay Miss October, the Charm Gal, showing off with her helter-skelter wardrobe of incredible patterns of unbelievable numbers. I'm definitely in love with her, no matter how much she paints her face and rigs herself up in an assortment of colors that defies the brush of a surrealist artist. I never saw anything like that gal's wardrobe. Never saw any gal quite as pretty, and I'm saying so right in public as I lay my heart on my sleeve and tell Miss October, "Help yourself to it. I'm forever yours." Dame Nature in all her gaudy beauty and glamor and grandeur in this loveliest of all times the year when the haze settles and the sun sprinkles that haze with her sunbeam shaker. That gal just leaves me breathless. Blazing broadsides of colors--red, yellor, brown, purple, green the deep something of the summer bush, the blue strollers of the roadsides whose identity I have never been able to learn; hillsides alive with flashing colors overlooking broad expanses on green carpets. A fairyland of colors superimposed on a magic carpet of emerald that makes one wonder why all the year around is not October. If Dame Nature were not such a refined sort of gal, I'd accuse her of overdressing and putting on too much makeup to be in good taste. But she's so sweet, so pretty, so lovable I couldn't bring myself around to making such an accusation. Miss October with her sweeps of color; her meadows literally seeded with technicolor; her wood lands with their tinkling tunes arising from the dripping of crisp leaves swaying drunkenly down to enter rendezvous with the good earth, to gradually blend into the eternity of the soil. The Dance of the leaves is ending, but the perfume of their bonfires is everlasting.

I suppose it is not in good form at this very late day to recall the riotous night of November 8, 1918 in Rensselaer. But its teeming memories remain forever fresh in the minds of those who were present for the whoopla celebration. That would be 27 years ago this very night. Remember? Of course you older ones do. That was the date of the fake Armistice report, and so, Rensselaer joined with the rest of the nation in giving proper emphasis to the historic date

which supposedly marked the end of World War I. Next morning the town awoke with an aching head to learn the celebration was premature, that the war hadn't been called off and that the celebration therefore was out of order. Mr. and Mrs. America knew that the time was not far off, in fact only hours away, when a true report that the Great Conflict was over would come bounding over the cables to reach into every Yankee household.

And this from Old Timer E. E. Smith anent the old town pumps, a delightful subject introduced by Mrs. Harve Miller of the Arkansas City Kansas country awhile back: "In reading the Gossiper, memories of the old town pump at the Nowels House corner reminded me of years ago when I was a lad of fifteen. We quenched our thirst and many fires with it. There was another pump at the rear of Liberal Corner, another at the rear of where Fendig's drugstore now stands; still another at the rear of Halloran's Saloon and still another--Old Faithful--on the courthouse square. Five in all, you see. These town pumps underwent severe tests on November 6, 1884 on the occasion of a fire which affected the Leopold Block at the point of the present F. and M. Bank. We had what we thought was a pretty good fire department. E. P. Honan was our captain. If you have never seen a bucket brigade of 500 people both men and women, in action, you have missed a truly picturesque piece of life. We had a brigade for each well, also one for the mill race. We saved the barn, but lost the Leopold Block, A. Simpson's saloon, and "Bun" Leaming's drugstore. To my knowledge I am the only one of that early day fire department who is still living. The Nowels house was built in 1878, and the iron pump in front of it was done away with at that time.

Listen girls, you may be at ease about colored Christmas lights being placed over the intersection of the town's 42nd and Broadway. The city council looked at the calendar last night and discovered this is December. The multi-colored lights will be placed just as soon as enough more of them reach here from Chicago. The nation's shy on colored lights now, but there's already quite a string of them, together with string and tinsel, at the fire house, and those, together with those to come, will light the business district so pretty as a come-on to Santa Claus. Yellows, reds, greens, and blues

will be featured. Ladders and climbers are available and the council can get electricity from the light plant without too much trouble. The lights will go up before long. (Thought you'd like to know.)

Gwen Meyers, Floyd's and Gwendolyn's kindergarten gal, is a caution. Seems over there at kindergarten that if you raise your hand to teacher it means that you want to sing a song or speak a piece. Now sometimes Johnny Grant, Dr. Will's boy, feels the urge to speak a piece or sing a song. But everytime he does that Gwen Meyers puts her fingers in her ears so she can't hear John's singing. And John doesn't like that and told her so, too. Now when Gwen sings or speaks a piece, John listens. According to John. But that ain't the way I heard it. At 'em kids.

ADD TO VITAL STATISTICS

The Dr. Harry Englishes have a stoker. But only Mrs. English has seen it.

H. Archihald Lee is hair-cutted by his ex-heauty parlor mother-in-law.

Van R. Grant was cast in as Shakespearean play role at the Ellis Opera House in 1906. As a spear.

Mrs. Will Babcock wouldn't let Will attend the show last night. Because he hadn't had his afternoon nap.

Uncle Charlie Murphy went into attic retreat today with the advent of spring housecleaning at home.

The Earle of Reynolds' garden will be plowed. Just as soon as a way to get a horse over the no-gate fence is found. He just never thought of that.

The 4:46 Monon train managed to get out of town Thursday, but it had to be pushed a bit.

A Cornelia Street Business firm sign reads. "Office Hours. 1 to 4:30 P.M." Don't them people ever rest.

13 matches is par for the bowl of tobacco in Basil Arnott's pipe.

The first three words Chattering Charles Porter learned at the schoolhouse were "I don't know."

Leo Hurley is enjoying a mid-summer vacation from work. He didn't have to slow up much.

Will Eldridge moved from the west courthouse porch hannister to the east bannister without assistance this afternoon to get away from the sun.

Archihald Lee wears half-lens glasses because he says he can comprehend only half of what he sees anyway.

Neighbors of Will Daugherty are planning a benefit corn husking bee in his behalf. So his town euchre playing wont be interrupted.

That Loren Hudson bought teacher Marcia Parkison a bottle of "Peerfume" for Christmas.

218467
Fred (G. E. Murray and Co.) Arnott was a grocery store delivery boy on Lockerby Street in Indianapolis and his weekly trips always included one to the home of the immortal poet, James Whitcomb Riley. Mr. Arnott recalls that often he was the first to hear one of Mr. Riley's poems. The Hoosier poet laureate would strike off a number at almost any hour of the day and frequently it was little Fred Arnott's good fortune to arrive at the Riley home just after Jim had struck off one of his homespun numbers. The poet, dearest in the hearts of all Hoosiers, would ask Little Fred to sit himself down for a moment while he read his latest classic in good old Hoosier dialect and Mr. Arnott as a reward for his listening from time to time received a book of poems from Mr. Riley. It is a distinction of which Mr. Arnott is truly proud, as he has every right to be. He can tell you many things about the life of the immortal poet.

You are a young old timer if you can remember when basketball was played only by girls. Remember the outdoor court hack of the east section of the present high school building where the girls played the net game. The nets weren't clipped and after a goal was registered a pole was required to poke the ball out of the net before play could be resumed. A hoy who played the game in those days was regarded as a sissy. A few years later the hoys began to take over at the old armory which is now the second floor of the W. J. Wright furniture store and gradually the girls were sidelined.

Will Langhoff, after wearing down his pencil to his wrist came up with startling statistics

concerning his 19 years as a pin setter at Star Bowling Alleys. One may recall Will a veteran pin setter without stretching the truth. Will's gigantic figures show that during the 19 year span he has lifted 231 tons of bowling balls. But Will's pencil really meant something when it determined the approximate number of pins he has set since he began to bend his back at the Star Alleys to pick up pins and put them back where they were before, they were knocked down from where they were "at." Will after careful weighing, balancing and juggling of the figures discovered that since he started such exercises he has picked up and set approximately 1,200,000 pins. Which is a lot of pins even in a pin cushion.

Aunt Mary (Mrs. John E.) Alter reflecting on the psst and recalling the yellow years when her brother Willis Mc Colly and the late B. S. Fendig of Rensselaer several times annually would drive a flock of turkeys all the way to Laporte's turkey commission house. It took about three days of turkey trotting to reach Laporte.

Not long ago in a famous column I saw a beautiful line that ran like this: "God gave us memories that we might have roses in December." Lines like that are more appreciated as the years romp along. As the shadows deepen I believe the average person lives more and more in the land of memories, clinging to them zealously defiantly against anyone who might seek to desecrate them by calling them maudlin sentimentalism. Memories are a benediction to a man, a soothing syrup for advancing age and without them the twilight years would be an empty interminable wasteland. All memories are not sweet it is true, but God thoughtfully designed things that in the life of the average human, sweet memories far out-number the sad ones. There are memories of shattered hopes, memories that were fashioned perhaps for a dream world that existed in only one's mind and heart, but memories nevertheless. Memories cushioning the faltering steps of age.

One of the finest pie bakers I ever knew, in addition to my Mom is Mary Gwin of the newstand. She makes pie that melts in one's mouth. A Sunday pie binge with all her flock present is almost a weekly affair at the Gwin House. They must invite me down some time. I

am a night pie eater, never go for sweets with a meal, but at bedtime, WOW! I can surely stow away sweets. And it doesn't keep me awake as it does you! Give me three wedges of pie with milk sprayed over them and I am ready to go like all get out. Or a couple of oversized slices of cake with cow milk on the side and I can subpar the course. I even like milk on cherries, gives a certain tang that nothing else can match. My favorite pudding is raisin. I don't think a finer delicacy was ever put together. Those sweet raisins spotting the soft whiteness here and there. What a midnight thrill to rifle the icebox while the silence of the night grips the house. Then to a detective magazine as a sleep producer. (The Moron) But if you will check up on the reading of other great men besides me you'll learn that a lot of them go for Detectives and Westerns. One of the most notable readers of detective cases was the late President Coolidge. Still another was the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt. I am told the late President Warren Harding was an inveterate reader of Westerns. Thomas Edison was still another who took off minutes here and there to relax by reading such stories. I guess I do not go in for the so-called high grade reading. I like to read lying down, so some of the so-called better magazines are not popular with me because of their size. It is hard to turn the pages of a large magazine and stay beneath the covers while so doing. So I just have to keep on reading the lower-class literature because of the laziness. I like to read stuff that one can quickly forget.

Mrs. Wm Grow was none too pleased when she found a ticket on her car yesterday for parking in a restricted zone, because the sign was so obscure. She said the next time her boy, Davey, discovers a fire at a house he won't tell the fire department nothing about it.

February with the Stars and Stripes flying. The very mention of February seems to be a caress for a loving hand and to limn on the sub-conscious mind a waving of Old Glory and to greet thee. The overtones of Continental Congress with Patrick Henry and the other orators of their day in fervent plea before the Congress assembled; staunch, rugged in their patriotism, battling for the preservation of a youthful nation not long wrested from control of its Mother country; thoughts of Valley Forge and the Crossing of the Delaware; thoughts of dandies in their silken knee breeches and

buckles and lace cuffs, and coiffured hair, standing forthrightly, grim, Americans already deeply steeped in traditions and love of their newly found empire. I always sub-consciously link February with the Thirteen Colonies and their delightful association with Paul Revere and Old North Church; The Liberty Bell and Philadelphia; the Boston Tea Party and those other interesting historical incidents of a struggling nation whose border had not yet reached far from the Atlantic; a huddled country up there in the northeastern section of what is now the 48 states. Perhaps it was things I learned in grade school that caused me to set aside February and New England as one. I love February. I love its lacy snow of Valentine effect; love it for its Lincolns and Washingtons and the things for which they stood. Lincoln's birthday and Washington's birthday and the inevitable school programs which were so interesting, providing I was not called upon to give a recitation or otherwise perform before the class and those mothers who came on those days to hear the kids speak pieces, present pantomime numbers or even sing a song. Generally they wanted one to dress the part. I recall that once on Washington's birthday I was assigned the dubious honor of wearing a George Washington three-cornered hat, made of paper, of course, and carrying a Washington cherry tree hatchet, again of papier mache. I felt so silly as I stood there, a gawky youngster, mumbling some lines, forgetting others. It was an ordeal I shall never forget. The stark embarrassment I endured, the atmosphere of sympathy that seemed to permeate the room as mother sensed my plight and the kids giggled. It is a matter of fact that teacher never again chose me for a place as a declamation day program. She, God rest her soul, had had enough. And so had I.

Memories of the old Hotel Makeever: Uncle George Hosmer enjoying the twilight years as an around-the-clock guest of the hostelry, living until nonagenarian years, an after-meal cigar giving him that glow of contentment. A lohhy sitter, Uncle George, who became known to hundreds of "drummers." As much a part of the lohhy as the furniture itself; Harry Parker, the beloved RHS and Independent Football Team coach of so many years a regular paying guest whose photograph gallery was only a few yards distant. Miss Elizabeth Spaulding, the photographer in the office which was off the

lobby, she of the mincing step and known to every townner. Uncle John and Mrs. Makeever sitting in the parlor of an evening for a quiet hour of home life before bed-time; "Jinx" Brenner, proprietor of the rambling hostelry behind the counter doling out rooms, selling stamps and from time to time entering the conversation; the hot political arguments that came as regularly as the political season, keen entertainment which drew loafers to the lohhy to listen in on the verbal fireworks; Joe Jackson, the bus man of so long ago, coming in to shout: "Bus now leaving for northbound Train 36," and the general grabbing of hags by the drummers scheduled to move on with the train and at the depot. Joe Jackson again shouting: "Bus uptown, downtown, all around town." Crockett Henry and his upper floor pranks. Wallace Miller, the mail-toting citizen, another of the regular colonists; J. E. Murphy and the late A. E. Wallace; C. R. Benjamin and his breakfast newspaper; the piano in the parlor being strummed by some talented guest by night as the harpershop quartette swung into action. Just a few scattered memories of old Hotel Makeever.

When April first came, as it did the other day, I wondered whatever became of the prankster who used to flower so often and so obnoxiously--the one who forever was pinning signs on coat-tails. I know that in the schoolroom it was used far more often when April first arrived. I recall distinctly the time a dignified teacher walked the entire length of the assembly room with a sign appended to his coat-tail which bore the words "Aint I dumb?" To this very day the teacher man has not learned the name of the culprit who perpetrated the trick. April Fool pranks for the most part never created harm and it is with regret that I note the abandoning of customs which once were so rich in lore of American life. April first should be restored as a safety valve to relieve that hypertension so many of us are under.

I like the true one Paul Carton is around telling now about Dr. Will Grant, who has the habit of leaving his car door open when calling on his parents next door to the Carton place. The Dr. made one of his regular calls to his parents' home the other night and as usual left the car door open. En route home his sixth sense told him someone was in the back seat of his car. "Well, this is it, a hold-up at last," he thought. He knew he was right when he felt

breath on the back of his neck. "I'll get the gun prod when I start to turn off the highway," the Dr. said to himself. Came the turn but no gun prod. His nerves by this time were worn to the well known frazzle. The Dr. halted his car, turned around and sure enough there big as life was someone. Mike Carton, the bulldog of the Cartons who belongs to the town and neighborhood as well as to the Cartons. Mike was merely out to get himself a late evening ride. But the good Dr. a bit nettled by his harrowing experience gave Mike the heave-ho right there.

I wonder if three former Rensselaer kids recall those opera house days when they won Easter rabbits--Harriet (Eger) McFall, Edward Loy and Dudley Sands are the ex-kids I mean. The rabbits were medicine show prizes. The Ruth Harriet rabbit was named Benjamin Bunny by its proud owner and Eddie Loy named his Peter Rabbit. The family Sands is engaged in searching the family tree records today to learn what their boy, Dud, named his rabbit. Those were the three proudest kids in all Rensselaer that particular Easter season, but not many weeks later tragedy stalked into the lives of Ruth Harriet and Eddie Loy. Their prize rabbits died the same day. On the brow of a tiny knoll on the banks of the Iroquois the two rabbits were buried with all the reverence and dignity at the command of their youthful owners. Adults, too, gathered at the burial grounds where Benjamin Bunny and Peter Rabbit were laid away in style commensurate with the grief of their heart broken owners. Just how Dud Sands' rabbit wound up its earthly journey I have not learned, but like all rabbits of that day it must have passed on to a happier vale by this time. Seems childhood memories like those never die and I am sure that Ruth Harriet, Eddie Loy and Dud Sands will recall those rabbits as clearly this Easter season as they did during those happy moments when they drew them at the medicine show at the old Ellis Opery House, as well as the tragic moments that were to follow.

Sometimes of late I have risen at dawn for a stroll about town as the rest of the village sleeps, for a tryst with Dame Nature. Such a chatter of birds release as dawn breaks and the shadows of night dissolve before the rosy sun that etches the eastern skyline sprinkling its rays over the already beautiful raiment of Maw Nature. It's a glorious, gaudy picture of coloring that is

indescribable and leaves one breathless. The picture of the sun's rays with the colorings of the flowers and the green of the grass and the shrubbery and the foliage-laden trees makes one feel so humble and even humiliated when he thinks that he, mere man, who so highly regards himself for his achievements and continual advancement in this strange world, cannot even remotely approach the beautiful colorings put together by Mother Nature. The magnificent silence of early morning leaves me awe-struck and mute. That very silence aside from the chatter of the noisier birds and the carols of the feathered choir, made up of the more subdued members of birdland, seems like a benediction and I suppose that its what it is--a benediction by the Maker.

And now to get around to the Dapper Doctor Washburn who registered No. 72 yesterday. He came here with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. I. B. Washburn in the so long ago year of 1877, from Logansport, Indiana. He was 4 years of age that day when he and his dad and mother climbed aboard the covered car to plummet on the State Line railway all the way to Remington town. It was a rainy November day, and the gloom of the day pervaded the soul of his mother who cried at the thought of going to a new land, but who later was to be so happy because she came to Rensselaer. From Remington they continued to Rensselaer by stage coach, a ride over a road filled with holes and bumpety-bumps. The Washburn family's first residence here was in what was known as the Van Rensselaer home, which occupied the site of the present Delos Thompson residence. There was no railroad through Rensselaer in those days, but a year or so following their arrival here came the Narrow Gauge railroad, which started at Delphi and ended at Spitler's grove, just west of the Monon station here. A pile of ties marked the end of the road, Dr. Washburn recalls that he and his father rode in a buggy to this terminal of the rail system. Two or three years later the railroad became a standard gauge road. The day the first train went over this new system from Rensselaer to Delphi most of the town's residents piled aboard for a gala day of riding the covered cars all the way to Delphi and back. There was no business in Rensselaer that day, for the town was deserted of people who had gone train riding. Rensselaer then had a population of 900.

There were no street lights and on nights when the moon was not shining brightly those who left their homes carried lanterns which flickered as so many fireflies. Most of the business houses were along North Front Street-the blacksmith shop of John Grant (father of Van Grant) which later became the Glazebrook shop; the Vanatta harness shop; the Wes Duvall residence and stage coach stable; the Ludd Hopkins shoe store, later site of Fendig's poultry house and hide shop; the Austin store, which was known as Liberal Corner. That was about all. It was open range through here in those days, and the stockmen made tiny fortunes. There were no fences. One of the really beauty spots was the Millrace, which originated in the pasture now included in the Dr. Washburn premises, passed behind Cap Burnham's home, and on down behind the Jack Warner place and on to the site of the mill, which occupied the same ground where the present mill stands, vegetation hanging from the millrace making a beautiful sight. In the Dr. Washburn pasture remains today an indenture made by the millrace. Dr. Washburn recalls the GOP political parade of 1880 when Garfield was elected. The marchers wore blue capes and went through the principal streets. Their route of travel included passage by "Red Hell" the name of a saloon on what is now Cornelia Street. "Red Hell" was the last outpost of Rensselaer proper. Right now it would be almost up town. A rollicking roaring spot it was.

The original name of Kniman was Moonshine. Some say it was Hogan. It wasn't. Hogan was a separate town hard by Kniman, and is still shown on the county plat. The name Moonshine was named in honor of an early day hill hilly moonshiner, so the story goes. When the hamlet became known as Kniman, it was spelled Niman. Then it was learned there was another Niman in Indiana and so the K was placed in front of the N. And there you have it. Kniman was named for a man by that name.

Old timers here remember Bogus Island, the notorious stretch in Newton County which harbored many of the mid-west's hardened criminals during the lawless era of the middle 19th century. Horse thieves and counterfeiters made it their rendezvous. According to legend the ruler of the lawless land was a man by the name of Shafer, who is said to have cut off his daughter's tongue because she talked about

some of his activities. Another legend says a Bogus Island native traded his daughter to gypsies for a horse. And still another yarn has it that a man with a wife and one child traded them for another man's wife and nine children after he got way behind with his pickle picking. Figured that nine children could lay the crop by quicker than he and his one child could do it. Cattle rustlers, horse thieves, and counterfeiters infested the small island surrounded by a small body of water and endless acres of swamp. Woe to the wayfarer who stumbled into the forbidden stretch ruled by the lawless. A warning shot was fired to edge him away from the island's fringe, and after that if the shot was ignored the unfortunate individual was sent to the happy hunting ground with bullets that were not fired to miss.

There is nothing more restful than a sit-on-the-porch at night, provided you can stay away from the pesky mosquitoes. To sit and think in night's darkness is grand luxury these summer nights when it is too hot to sleep. The bahoons who run around asking: "Is it hot enough for you?" seem to become more numerous. I believe that such a question represents justifiable homicide. I know if I were sitting on a jury, I'd never condemn a man to the chair or cell for knocking off such a palooka. I know of no sillier question. I hope those who wanted the good old summer time are getting your fill of it. Ninety four yesterday in an average spot, and much more than that out in the glare of the sun.

Victor Klingler is a patient man. But his patience reached the exhaustion point one day last week when his daughter, Gloria, and one of "Yutch" and Orpha Grant's girls, picked all of his sweet corn which he tended to so faithfully and had nursed to almost the eating stage and fed it to a neighbor's chickens. The chickens were mighty grateful.

Who remembers when it was smart talk to refer to Rensselaer as Rensselilly? That was whang slang that made you a man about town. Just like Skiddoo 23 was later. Then there was that one that ran, "You ain't so many." The jive of a mauve decade. Grover Mackey used to make plenty of nickles selling hat bands on celebration days that had snappy remarks such as "Oh you kid," "Out for a good time." and

such truck. The wearers of such were so worldly, they thought.

Phillip Fendig is getting so tired of the monotony of it all. I mean listening to himself talk Japan talk which he learned--of all places--in Japan. No one in the Fendig household pays attention to his Japan patter and couldn't reply if they did. Phillip is getting all fired weary of listening to his own chatter. Mrs. Helen Scantlin can talk Japan talk, which she too learned in Japan, but she and Phillip seldom meet. Phillip is going to resume college this fall. He'll major in English.

At this season of the year Malcolm Roth's thoughts turn to the Land of Yesteryears, the glorious days of the past when he affected a bright yellow shirt and cap of matching hue and had a leg up on county fair nags. His riding silks were made by his mother and there was no kid in all the fair grounds who was quite as proud as Malcolm. But there came the day when his dignity was greatly shocked. As his nag was leading the pack to the payoff wire his mount suddenly careened through an open gate and dashed into the infield for a canter as the rest of the herd went on to the finish line. Malcolm was a long time in getting over the ignominy of that frustration.

September--green but browning. Leaves dipping in measured cadence in deference to the whimsies of the winds as they chant the desolate requiem of the summer that is passing, each a brown tear drop for tomorrow's bon-fire--the bi-product of summer's passing shade. Chalk dust in the air as pretty school marms and teachers of the masculine gender look over the pupils and pupils, vice versa. Window displays of school books, tablets, pens and colored pencil sets. All remindful that school again is upon us. Newly polished signs, "School Ahead Go Slow." And Little Willie needs no second invitation as he tortoisises his way to schoolrooms stuffiness, his feet newly shod, his neck washed even to the back of his ears, his new breeches and shirt making him uncomfortable.

I felt so devilish as I recaptured a hit of hoyhood the other evening by snatching a bright yellow peach from a convenient basket en route home. I had no qualms, for the basket looked to be overflowing; and just one peach could make so little difference. I didn't feel the least hit

embarrassed as I went on in great glee, caring not whether the theft had been witnessed. I don't think that even the Victory Market would care.

I see by the A.M. metropolitan sheet that one Mr. Truman of Washington D.C. says there ain't no meat famine. I recommend he try a meat line at any local shop this morning and see what he can get other than baloney with which Washington D.C. is stuffed and we don't mean the kind that comes over the meat counters.

If Wilbert Baloney Maloney, the Chicago American publicitor for the Chicago Bears currently at St. Joseph's campus wants to write factual color into some of his pieces, I recommend that he string the Chi. Bears around the court house coping some evening, among them the two guys who were received in exchange for Rensselaer's native son, Thomas Dudley Harmon. The Bears received Menzani and Davis for Harmon. Then they would be sitting at the edge of Thomas' first football playground. For it was in the courthouse yard that Harmon first set his football legs in motion. A little scamp of five years, Thomas, who later was to romp to All-American gridiron fame on the collegiate gridirons, learned his first football tricks there. And daily Thomas' mother visited that courthouse yard with switch in hand to chase Thomas back to the home pastures. But the lad persisted and through the autumn seasons he eluded tacklers in that very courthouse yard and laid the groundwork for the fame that was to come to him as one of the nation's all time backs.

All of which gets me around to that year when William Jennings Bryan made one of his frequent bids for the White House. I remember that in early November there was a huge Republican street parade right down the Main Dragon a gorgeous late Autumn day. The parade was blocks long in this politically minded town in a politically minded state. The marchers wore the habiliments of their party, blue coats, campaign caps and lapel buttons bearing pictures of the party's candidates. On the sidelines stood the Democrats. What a parade it was! As a knee-hitches kid I was called upon to present my hurro and cart as a part of the parade, in which I proudly rode, flanked by my cousins, Harve J. Robinson and Sam Sprigg. The hally hurro (or donkey, if you prefer)

wanted no part of that parade. He was a lazy lug who above everything else hated to put himself in motion at any time, particularly on a warm day with a cart loaded with human freight. Recognizing his eccentricities the parade committee thought it would be well to put the balky burro near the front of the procession, realizing that long before the parade was over he'd probably be lagging near the foot of the parade. And they were partially correct. He did lag, in fact he lagged so much that he trailed the very tail-end of the procession by something like three quarters of a block. By the time the rest of the procession passed the Van Rensselaer-Washington Street intersection, we were still plodding along in the now Ross Rowen grocery store territory. But we kept everlastingly at it and finally made the grade. On the sidelines stood Will Woodworth and some of the other town clowns shouting "Whoa! Whoa!" Our nag needed no invitation to whoa at any time, and hospitably listened to the entreaties of the town umpty-dumpties. But we were the feature of the parade. Suspended on a fishing pole was an ear of corn, and that was the one and only motivation influence that kept "Whoa Burro" on the lam. If it had not been for that ear of corn we should still be trying to cross the finish line no doubt. Also suspended from the end of the fishing pole which was a few feet in front of "Whoa Burro's" nose was a miniature White House. Inscribed on it were the words: "Just like Bryan, He Never Gets There." Funny how such incidents come rolling back to one's mind from time to time. And it is well. Sort of keeps life from taking on too much monotony.

ADD TO VITAL STATISTICS

Herman Tuteur wanted his moneyback from the Ritz Western the other night. Said it was a gyp because the gunmen never stopped to reload.

Carl Henry got a round mouth from eating too many bananas.

The RHS clock loses one and one-half minutes every three hours. Because the town light plant engine jiggles up and down on the switch-over.

While in Chicago last week, Grover Mackey purchased a Maxwell Street combination glass cutter, can opener, paring knife, apple corer

and potato peeler for 50 cents. Because the man said it was an awful good one.

Pin Setter Will Langhoff picked up his reading book at Star Alleys last as he saw Attorney John Hopkins unshed his coat for a sling at the pins.

The reason Chase Rishling is so short is because he is in his pants too far.

The three-way socket lamp that Dean Saylor took apart to "fix" was sent to an electrician's shop by Mrs. Dean Saylor this morning to be put back together again.

The neighbors have never been able to determine if Joe Rowen is pulling the family cow outside the barn or whether the cow is pulling him inside.

Mrs. Will Daugherty thought she had lost Will the other day, but she finally found him submerged in the horse tank trying to write under water with one of those new-fangled pens.

Mrs. Wallace Miller bought Bro. Miller a dictionary for Christmas. Thinks maybe there are a few words he doesn't use daily.

<1947>

Things I's like to see in 1947: Leroy Kurtz in a sombrero. Dr. C. E. Johnson playing the bass drum for the town band. Archibald Lee barking for a snake pit show. Bugs Ramey riding a merry-go-round horse. The Rev. Moore playing a piccolo in competition with the Rev. Morton Booth who aspires to the bass drum position in the American Legion drum and bugle corps. And the Rev. Ellis Veale in an auctioneer's role. S. P. Hilliard making a high dive. Don Wright knitting. Ross Rowen playing third base for the White Sox. The Gossiper with his mouth closed so that others would have a chance to talk. Bernard Luers selling tomatoes at the intersection of Wahington and Van Rensselaer. Judge Moses Leopold barbering. Earle Reynolds as the proprietor of a plumbing shop, assisted by Delos Dean and Leslie Clark. RHS winning the state basketball championship.

I was happy to learn the other day that G. E. Wilcox (Monon station man) can still sit down and rattle off popular songs on the piano. Just as well as he could in those mauve years when popular songs were being banged out via piano

were as much a part of the daily town life as ham and eggs. Few households there were in the back years without a piano and the town had a number of ragtime players who thrilled one as their airs coasted out onto the avenues as one passed by such as "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," "Moonlight Bay," "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," "California Here I Come," "My Old Indiana Home," and hundreds of other tunes that made one step so high. It put life into the town.

The picture page of today's Chicago Tribune shows your Congressman Charles A. Halleck standing at the side of a desk at which President Truman is seated. Evidently Charlie is about to step forward to shake the hand of the President after Senator Vandenhurg has completed his handshaking act. These Rensselaer kids do get around, don't they?

Uncle Charlie Postill, the retired man of the cloth, was down town for a spell yesterday and came in to ask if there are any still here in Rensselaer who recall the very first railway engine that came to Rensselaer. He said it was a mild drizzly day in early April 1878. Uncle Charlie said it was a gala day for the old home town and that the program accompanying the historic event. Uncle Charlie his eyes lighting with delight as he back-tracked in memory to that April day 69 years ago when he was a lad of ten, the day when Rensselaer and countryside were held spellbound by the strange craft that wended its way into Rensselaer over the rails that led to the Monon system as you know it today. It was the first time that many of the audience had even so much as seen a train. It even carried a circus day atmosphere. As the great beast of the tracks chugged into Rensselaer a tremendous roar went up from the assembled hundreds, who were far more wonder-stricken by the engine than were those who viewed the new Diesel here last week. There were speeches, singing, fife and drum corps and hand music, a parade and last but not least a barbecued cow which was furnished by Uncle Alfred Mc Coy for whom the town of Mc Coyshurg was named. The barhecue was free to all. "What a day it was," exclaimed Uncle Charlie.

When I was a kid I aspired to be a "news hutch" on a train. I thought in my kid days that there could be no thrill surpassing that. I

admired the hutch in his uniform, with a basket of candy, cracker jack, chewing gum, oranges, apples, etc., suspended from a strap around his neck. As he came through the train singing out his wares I thought he was a greater man than the President of the United States. To get to ride the train every day riding to the great cities and being paid well while doing it was something that seemed so far beyond me, like being a big leaguer and getting paid to play hasehall. Gradually the "butch," is disappearing, another sad commentary that horizons of American folk life gradually recede and give way to things more modern which I feel are not so nearly romantic as the horizons of the other years.

Arlie Gosnell with Charlie Spain aboard, took off on another Florida Business mission today. He's hauling a load of carpet tacks to Florida metropolises this time. And will bring a load of alligator pelts. The other trip down he got mixed up. Hauled down a load of oranges and hrought hack a load of corn. He intended to do it the other way round. Archibald Lee, his companion on the last trip also made a mistake. Took along a load of pencils and shoe strings to sell enroute and thus defray the cost of his trip. Not knowing they don't wear shoes down there and don't need shoe strings. And so few can write in the outlands they have no use for pencils. Live and Learn.

I've noticed that if a fellow will throw out hints long enough he'll finally hit pay dirt. And so it was in my huckwheat pancakes and sausage case. Not long ago I told you how dearly I loved them and wished there might be someone among the modern colony of women who still could stir up a batch of that old time buckwheat pancake hatter. Well, it came to pass Saturday last when a quart can of such batter, with complete instructions as to how to keep the supply going throughout the winter, and a nice mess of sausage reached my desk via Mrs. Carl (the former Louise Norman) Bufkin. I don't know when I have had such a thrill or a more prized present than that. You should have seen me go to the table Sunday morning with those pancakes and that sausage awaiting me. The payoff is this: Mrs. Bufkin is still much of a gal and no one would think she could go hack and match grandma in the husiness of making that old time hatter, hut she can.

The present cold snap started Old Timers' memory processes to functioning, memories of the days when the sleighs (cutters they called them) were quite the thing whenever snow came, particularly hard packed and slick snow which made traveling such a delight even the winter's blasts scuttled through one's whiskers as he rode his open cutter. Old Timer tells that one of the most daring cutter pilots was Delos Thompson who had a natty sleigh and an equally natty horse to draw it. With all the recklessness of an automobile racing pilot, he would send his steed and cutter at a terrific pace through the town streets. Cutter races were frequent and provided as much excitement as a Kentucky Derby or a 500-mile automobile race.

Come February and still no ice weather, the subject of summer ice became the chief item of conversation as the fear of folks grew that they were to undergo a summer ice famine. This winter would have been such a winter of fear until the past few days. Ice house operators of the Other Years were Reason Goddard (Rees) tavern owner, one of the earliest of icemen. His ice house occupied a spot on S. Front Street. Another was Marsh Warner who put up ice in a building on the south side of the alley back of the present Hub Clothing Store. And you may add to your iceman's list the late Charles Starr, for many years a grocery store proprietor. It was he who erected the ice house on the hanks of the Iroquois at the foot of Cullen St. Another was the late J. J. Eigelsbach who had an ice house fringing the Iroquois at the foot of Van Rensselaer Street. Still another old time iceman was George Strickfadden, tavern owner who had to transport his ice to a building north of the Monon tracks which he erected for that purpose. Still other ice house operators were Mayor Conrad Kellner, Frank Kresler, Harry White and then the line of icemen ended, for along came the electric ice box to produce a new era in the ice-making art. The ice houses were built with double walls, between which was placed sawdust which acted as insulation against heat. Each block of ice cut from the hansom of the Iroquois was packed in sawdust. Even the heat of the hottest days failed to penetrate through the walls and sawdust blockades. And that's how you had ice in the good old summer time in the Yonder Years. The ice cutting was not done until the ice attained a depth of eight to twelve inches, and then the ice house

operator called upon all unemployed to help him store away the bonanza. Remember the ice wagon driving to your house, chipping off a 25, 50, or 100 pound for your ice box? And how you as a kid stood around to catch the chips on which you sucked to make yourself cooler?

(About Ora T. Ross)---Rensselaer never had a grander person a more helpful person or one more vitally interested in this, her native heath. So much good she has accomplished along the way in various fields. To her must go credit for so many things that have improved the life and happiness of Rensselaer. To her must go much of the credit for the splendid library the city enjoys. She is steeped in knowledge of Rensselaer history I know of no one who has contributed more to the general happiness and improvement of Rensselaer.

Cecil Alter in today. He is about hridged out of his house. Mrs. Alter belongs to one pinochle club, 4 hridge clubs and most of the town's lodges. Cecil is gradually running out of bed-time stories for the children. For weeks on end I have been worrying about that old teacher of mine, ever since the word "umlaut" for some strange reason came to my mind one night. If you don't know what an umlaut is, I'll explain that it is a thingamajig that you stick over a letter in certain words to aid you in pronouncing the word correctly. As I recall it I could mispronounce the word with or without the umlaut. It meant nothing to me, that umlaut thing. But it meant so much to teacher who was a stickler. It was an obsession with her. I forgot all about the umlaut and not until I recalled it the other evening did my thoughts drift back to those days when I vexed teacher so because I mispronounced those umlaut words. God bless her wherever she is.

For once I committed an error through misinformation given me on an older Rensselaer topic without having to take a beating the next day from old timers. I said the aged building on the east side of the courthouse square which is to be moved to a new abode was a part of the old courthouse. It is not, strictly speaking. That frame building set directly back of the long brick courthouse which preceded the present structure. The brick structure was long and narrow, with a hall running its entire length. The various offices, of course, flanked the hallway. Back of the brick building and on the east side

of the walk was the frame building of which I spoke. It was erected some years following the erection of the brick courthouse and was used to house records.

Thought you'd like to know. "Skippy" Beaver, "Doc's" boy, and Mike Booth, the parson's son hitting the candy counters on a sabbath a.m. binge. 4 year olds or something like that.

Memories of Other Days: When billboards flecked the town's many vacant lots and some of the same were to be found right smack dah down town between business buildings; the time when the Felder garage site might as well had a high board fence around it, so numerous were the hillboards, with the late James H. S. Ellis, the hillboard maestro, with Grover Mackey as the billposter; the board that stood on the corner where the Mrs. Ella Bales home now stands; the one that rambled across the Westfall auto sales lots and the many, many others that greeted you every day. Remember the guy with the revolver pointing from the board and as you passed he kept it trained on you; an eye illusion.

"Paul, lean your ear out of the window and hear what the Grants are quarreling about today," said Mrs. Paul Carton to husband Paul last evening. "But," remonstrated Paul, "I don't think that's the thing to do." "Paul-----," (Business of leaning ear out of window.) "I can't hear a thing, dear." "Then go over and tell them you want to borrow a cup of sugar, anything---." "Yes'm." And so that is the way Paul Carton learned the latest cause of the Van Grants quarrel. It was Murder Mystery night on the radio and Mr. Grant was at his usual station, listening intently and not wanting to be disturbed. Such program has been the cause of differences in the Grant household for a long time, with Mrs. Grant definitely not in accord with Mr. Grant's choice of program. Well the other night came the dramatic moment when the despondent sweetheart had decided to end it all with a 14-story leap from a hotel window. She was catapulting from the window as Mrs. Grant walked over and turned off the radio. What made Mr. Grant mad was he never did learn if the leaper hit the ground.

The postoffice will be 110 years old August 9. The office was established under the name of Fez, with Joe D. Yeoman as postmaster. Two years later the name was changed to Rensselaer.

It was not until 1859 that Jasper County was separated from Newton County. It was a fitting coincidence that the postoffice building was erected in 1937. Only a short period before the centennial observance. That information was given to me by P. T. Hordeman. And so long as we are strolling back a century let me say that the Yeomans rather than the Van Rensselaers should be given credit for the founding of Rensselaer, for Yeomans were the town's first settlers and through them others were attracted to come to this spot on the banks of the Iroquois to homestead. And to Mr. Hordeman again I am indebted for the information to the effect that just fifty years ago this month the farmers were compelled to replant corn due to too cold and too wet weather.

That once upon a time Rabbit Town, a delightful section of Rensselaer was also known as Cabbage Town. However Rabbit Town proper was a hit this side of the section known as Cahhage Town. The story has it that the rahhits abounding in Rabbit Town ferried over to Cahhage Town for their meals but kept their warrens in Rabbit Town. True or not, it makes interesting talk. So let us restore Cabbage Town to our vocabulary.

Demotte claims to be the home of a world champion in the person of the schoolmaster William May, who it is said by his most ardent admirers can unseed a watermelon faster than any watermelon eating person in all the world. As Will eats it is claimed that seeds are shot from one side of his mouth with such machine gun precision that it reminds one of a corn sheller in operation. Just about the time I think I know everything, along comes some smart guy with knowledge of which I am without. For example, I learned only yesterday that there is such a thing as green tomato pie. Now whoever has heard of green tomato pie. Not I, who believed himself up on all of the dishes that grace American tables. Just what sort of trance one would have to get into to concoct such a dish as a green tomato pie is absolutely beyond my comprehension. Authority that there is such a pie is Atty. Thomas Dumas, who, crossing his heart, declared that he had actually seen such a critter. He said it is authored by Mrs. Rose Clouse of an East Washington Street address. Mrs. Clouse admits she has made such a thing as a green tomato pie and modestly says that she did a swell job.

Oh, hoy, it seems that every dummy in Jasper County hut me knew there was such a thing as a green tomato pie. The ladies called, the neighbors called, everyhody called to ask where I had been all my life. Some of them were quite indignant and pulled no punches in letting me know what they thought of my mental apparatus. It is always thus.

Something I never until now: That Mt. Calvary cemetary was estahlished in 1895. I only recently noted that marker at the north east corner of the plot which reads: "Mt. Calvary Cemetery, 1895 A.D." Adjoining St. Joseph's college hegan as an Indian school in the mid 80's with all buildings on the east side of the road. The institution has come a long way in that span that began about 65 years ago. The heauty of the tree-canopied expanse hy St. Joseph's which serves as an approach to Rensselaer's city limits. Seems like one is riding indoors when he glides heneath those stately trees whose limbs reach out so far to form a roof. And while handing out compliments, how about the handsomeness of those externally large hushes that serve as a welcome mat to the library. L-hushes I shall call them--Large, Lovely, Luscious Lihrary Landscaping. You owe it to your town to have a look at them as well as the rare beauty of the halance of the library grounds set-up.

It was good to see Don (Storky) Wright again blowing behind a clarinet in last night's band concert classic, and Solemn Paul Tonner waving the wand as director. And Tombo Padgitt with that hulky horn of tremendous flare working so heroically to get hack in top blowing form. And Ross Rowen fingering a cornet once more, his eyes glued to the rhythm of Solemn Paul's gestures. And C. H. Blacklidge and Boh Rosenkranz, old-timers along the music mart, hut new to the local field. And radiant Paula Wartena (RHS lovely) helping with the tuneful melodies. And soloist Dick Knauh, spattering the heat waves via the horn. And Masters James Chapman, Boh Cleaveland, jr., E. W. Murray, Raymond Saylor, Dick Warren, Jim Hill, Harold Toben, Junior Fortune and Wayne Williamson, blasting their way to new musical glory right out loud in front of everybody. The only sad note of the night was the absense of the oldest of the old timers, Jonathan Merritt, hilled to go in last nights concert who was waylaid hy the faulty reflexes of a borrowed horn, which

kept him out of the lineup. He will positively appear next week, along with his boys, Delos and Will.

The boys were gathered down town for a Saturday evening gahfest, among them Will Middlekamp who remarked to the effect that as soon as some one told a good lie he was going home. So to get rid of him, Crockett Henry stepped onto the rostrum and told about the days hack in Tennessee when he shoed geese preparatory to walking them to market. Mr. Henry related that the geese were shod by the process of walking them through warm tar and after that over sand. The sand readily adhered to the tar and the tar dried quickly and presto! We herded them 30-40 miles hy foot, Mr. Henry continued, and sold them at a fancy price. The geese made from 8-10 miles a day when they wear shoes, less than that if they are unshod. Mr. Middlekamp, who, hy the way, is a native of the Winona, Minn., country, scoffed at the story and intimated in strong tones that he was hearing an untruth from Mr. Henry's lips. Said he never saw anything like that up Minnesoty way, in fact had never even heard of such a thing. Mr. Middelkamp apparently had forgotten he had asked for it. Tone Overton took up from there and hacked every statement uttered by Mr. Henry. He said he also had marched geese all the way from a point just north of Pea Ridge to far away Winamac, a jaunt of 40 miles. Mr. Overton recalled that he was only 5 years old when he made his first March of the Geese; that they camped out by night. Herders when not on duty rode in a spring wagon while other herders herded. "How could you march geese when only five years old?" Mr. Middlekamp inquired of Mr. Overton. The latter mumbled a reply. Mr. Middelkamp gave the gathering a sour look and slunk for home muttering something that sounded very much like "Dmnlirs." Country hoys shouldn't mix with town smart alecs if they don't want to get the worsen of it.

Parks at the Park. Mrs. W. S. Parks is completing her 50th season at Fountain Park Chautauqua, which is in its 53rd year. She missed hut three sessions since Fountain park made its bow in 1895. Looks like the proper spot for the Park is park Mrs. Parks on a pedestal and pay her tribute for her faithful year-hy-year attendance. She probahly is a record holder.

I read the other day that only one person in ten in the USA is left-handed, which swells me with pride because I am a member of that exclusive set. Just this morning I discovered another left-hander. Mrs. Adeline Ketchum, which makes me happier. I have been told, and I have every reason to believe it is true, that left-handers are a smarter race of people than right-handers. (Listen to the Big Blow.)

Edison Marshall, Rensselaer's greatest man of letters, has spun another novel. It's currently appearing in serial form in Liberty Magazine. The title: "The Green-Eyed Idol." This whipped me back to those days when Edison was a grade school pupil here, and an outstanding one, too. How well I recall those pre-holiday programs made up of declamations, etc., in which Edison was always cast in the starring role as a speaker of a piece. A roly poly sober-sides, Edison stole the show. He dressed for the part, and unlike the other kids who had to go through the torture of speaking a piece for the other pupils, teacher and admiring relatives, he reveled in it. Edison, Rensselaer's grand contribution to the world of letters, once spoke "Raggedy Ann," one of the immortal James Whitcomb Riley's most beloved poems just before the Thanksgiving holiday and as usual he topped the show. A highly intellectual, wholesome, sincere, studious, friendly, polite, pokey lad he was in a manner strangely out of place in Boyhood Land yet, paradoxically a strong vital and necessary part of that same Boyhood Land which would have been so dull and utterly useless without him. I shall always cherish the fact that he was of my time, of my neighborhood and above all my pal. Up there in the Edison Marshall treehouse, quite the proper appointment in boyhood housing in those Brown Days, you'd find him wrapped in a book of a hot summer day, or again, day-dreaming or perhaps wrestling with a pencil as he sought to emulate his gifted mother in putting together verse. He could do it too, but not with the same fluency and ease with which he mastered rhetoric. Even in our adolescent years we recognized his gift for writing, his tremendous imagination and his flair for creating highly absorbing stories with which was combined with an unusually large vocabulary for a boy so small and a natural gift for mastering English grammar. He's gone a long way since he was a kid back here in Rensselaer and in the

successes that have lifted him to such a high pinnacle.

That was an interesting story on Rensselaer's Congressman Charles A. Halleck that appeared in the Chicago Tribune graphic section Sunday. One thing that was told about him was that he was a Rensselaer Republican carrier at the age of 9. That I'd forgotten. I remember when he packed the Saturday Evening Post, which he bartered down town before and after school and on Saturday to replenish his school boy purse. Quite a salesman as I remember it. A git up and go feller who has never quit gitting upping and going and shows no signs of abatement. I had the pleasure of meeting the eminent "Dr." Clarence Garver of the Rexall Drug Store sabbath morning as he was newstand buying. It had been some spell since I had met with him, he being so far down the street from here. At once I brought up the subject of Garver Gardens and in no time at all I was being held spellbound by what Dr. Clarence Garver had to relate concerning his garden acres, nestled so snugly over there back of his W. Washington St. villa. I was amazed to learn that Garver Gardens gave up no less than fifty canned quarts of strawberries the past season, plus many more quarts that were placed on the table for immediate consumption. Also Garver Gardens yielded as many as 50 cantaloupes this year. I merely mention those two items in order to give you a quick conception of the productivity of the Garver Garden soil.

And while we are at it let us tell you that on Monday last Mrs. George Zorich (the Deans' gal, Jacqueline) was chosen as "The Bride of the Day" of a Baltimore, Maryland radio program at which she made a personal appearance. Monday's checkup showed Jackie to be the youngest bride present. Asked what her husband does, she replied, "He's a professional football player." "Oh, with the Baltimore Colts," answered the master of ceremonies to which the blushing bride gave an affirmative answer, which drew a great round of applause for her. Then came other questions, which further introduced her to the radio audience and give Rensselaer some free advertising. For the Home Avenue lovely kept, Rensselaer in the forefront during her part of the program. Mrs. Zorich has been married nine months.

For the purpose of a Sentimental Journey, if for nothing more, let us dig deep in the Litter of Years for a view of the early life of Elbert Antrim. Whoever was later to write the immortal words to the effect that "life is a bowl of cherries," must have had our Elbert in mind, for he was advancing upon his 23rd year before he learned that one can buy fruits in cans at any reputable grocery store. Elbert's formative years largely were made up of berries. Few of which he et for the reason he was a paid picker in the far flung Rabbit Town flats that gradually lope away to fall in undulating rhythm and finally to rise sheer to rim the crest of Coen's Hill. So on a day, say in the gaudy year of 1900, we would find that Elbert with sections of his tawny thatch protruding through the holier parts of his straw sombrero as he picked away in the Strawberry Stretches of Uncle Philander P. Benjamin out there in the storied sylvan retreats of Rabbit Town, a Land of Legend which encompasses so much of the town's history. Nostalgic thoughts often swirled through the mind of our hero as he picked away in the land of the strawberry, particularly at those moments when old Monon Sixty-Six let loose its shrill blast as it shot from the brow of Coen's Hill before leveling into the stretch to woop down on this native town. At such moments Our Elbert desisted his strawberry picking and fell to daydreaming of that day when he would be at the throttle of Old Sixty-six when it pulled proudly into Rensselaer. Or perhaps in that gaudy 1900 year he was doing daily duty at the Mulberry Mesas of Uncle Nathaniel Bates, who lived hard by the Antrim homestead. Or again we may find him laboring in the Gooseberry Glades of the Family Gray on the fringe of Rabbit Town. You see berries always were in season for our Elbert, but only in respect to his being a paid workmen. There were the potatoes to be hoed at Parker Plateau, beans to be picked at the Bates acres now that the strawberry season was over. And who do you think preformed those tasks? Your parents didn't rear dull children did they? The answer is obvious. It was Elbert at the hoe, Elbert in the bean patches. The maddening frequency with which his name came up on the Berry Patch Scoreboard wasn't doing Elbert no good. It was making him churlish so to speak. But even Winter falls in Indiana, for which Elbert was truly grateful, for it remoted the bane of his existence. Came the year when after the green of summer had given away to the

brown of Autumn Our Hero decided it might be well for him to get some higher learning than that afforded by the Berry Patches, and forthwith he enrolled for school book learning. The teacher sent him home to put on a necktie. But they explained to him he was free to move at any time, so Elbert began moving again except in his classes. Three years in the third grade, four years in fourth grade. Elbert decided the whole thing was getting to be monotonous. He was on the verge of quitting the whole Education Thing but changed his mind in a hurry when the school master informed him that attending school was the law. So Elbert attended school and did passing well when he put his mind to it. Came that gala day when he was handed discharge papers upon completing his senior year. He was now cast out into the storied stream of life of which the commencement day spellbinders speak. Elbert looked around for a job of work and found none, which made him happy. But even Elbert had to eat, a fact that Elbert learned in time. The years wandered along and with them Elbert. And then happy days. Operator turn the crank to September 24, 1917. Elbert was accosted by a citizen who was plain dog-goned fagged from years of watching Elbert do nothing. He said, "I know where you can get yourself a job of work where you can get big pay and don't have to know nothing." Impressed by his benefactor's impeccable English, Our Hero took the hint and a Monon train along with it and rode away. Rensselaer was to know Elbert no more as a citizen. Elbert got that job. With the Chicago Tribune.

Emmett Eger, dethroned Lake County gold champion, abhors alibis by losers, but he does have a kick coming. We feel the story can now be told as to why he yielded his title last Sunday. Maybe it is none of your business and particularly none of mine but I believe I would be a cad not to come to the defense of ex-champ Eger, even though I am a close neighbor of Aunt Mary D. Eger, Emmett's grandma. Hereafter I shall give her house wide distance in going to and coming from my home. The day before the tournament, he received instructions from his grandma to get her some candied ginger with which to preserve Eger pears. The poor fellow hunted all over Lake County and then hunted some more. But no candied ginger. His legs were so wobbly from his fruitless search

that be was just in no shape to go out in defense of his title. He is the only champion on record to lose his title because he searched for candied ginger for his grandma on the day before the title play. And to make matters worse, Mrs. Eger's daughter, Bessie had gotten her a quart of candied ginger and forgot to tell her about it.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Meyers found themselves stricken by poverty after their arrival at the football gate in Crown Point last week. The gate man said they couldn't go in without money of which Mr. Meyers was without. With an ill-concealed attempt to be nonchalant, Mr. Meyers turned to Mrs. Meyers and coyly, he thought in jest, inquired of her if she, too, was poverty stricken. Mr. Meyers wore so expansive a smile as he waited for her to extract the do-re-me from her gigantic handbag filled with so many of milady's articles. You could have knocked Floyd over with an anvil when came the report: "Floyd, I just don't have any money with me," which made her all even with Mr. Meyers. There they were--Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Meyers of Rensselaer stranded at the very football gates for want of money. The gate man was unfeeling. Said he had never heard of either of them, that they had better go home and get their pocketbooks. Mr. Meyers tried to explain he was a somebody back in Rensselaer, ex-GOP county chairman (the gate man was and is a Democrat), a real estate man, an insurance man, an ex-school teacher and H.S. principal, a college graduate, so ex-basketball and football star of H.S. and college and ex-member of the IHSA board of directors. The man said he didn't give a dang if he was a Democrat he wasn't going through that gate without funds. Mrs. Meyers timed her laughing for her. Mr. Meyers was so mad. He said, said he, he'd see about turning down such an illustrious ex-member of the school teaching branches. He did. He went down town and looked for Rensselaer people, found none. Finally a man in a butcher shop said he would take his chances on a Meyers check, but for not more than the gate tariff. Then they went back to the football patch. By that time the game was in the 4th quarter. Mr. Meyers, husband-like blamed Mrs. Meyers. The Mr. and Mrs. Meyers are speaking this week but not to each other.

Jasper Jury Justice: A little feller living up back of Demotte sitting the long hours through the Jasper circuit court extra court room

yesterday afternoon with a lot of other boys and girls waiting their turns to be examined in the jury box walked slowly and somewhat timidly to the front of the room where perched on the high seat was the Main Man. All eyes were on the little feller as he stretched his neck to whisper into the ear of the Main Man. And then cruel and unsubtle as he sometimes can be the Main Man replied in tone loud enough for all to hear; "You won't have to go downstairs, it's the little room right over there in the corner." (Oh, don't be so falsely modest). Blushing and in great confusion the little feller retired amid behind-the-hand laughter on the part of the filled jury room.

Pushing back the thickening mists of time to speed back across the Continent of Years to those Hallowe'ens of our boyhood days. The tic-tacs which we operated much to the disgust of the householder. The churlish fellow we could always get a rise out of by smacking his bouse broadside with a tic-tac telegraph. The maddening click-clack never failed to bring him bounding from the house shouting imprecations and advising that, "I'll knock your consarned heads off if I catch you." We kids always liked him and I suppose the reason we plagued him was because he got so riled up. Could be. As the years climbed the Hills of time Hallow'en customs changed, but essentially they are much the same as in the days gone by. There are styles in everything I guess. At heart kids still remain kids. Their pranks are not so violently destructive. The stream-line age has cut away the opportunities which were so numerous. No more can the family cow be placed atop a building for there is no family cow here in town. Telephone poles are not so thick. And those little buildings at the rear, too, have departed. Once the downtown bridge used to be loaded with wagons. But no more. The wagons aren't here. Horses have left town. Carriages can't be taken and placed on a neighbor's front porch. No carriages. Gates aren't lifted and strung across the telephone wires, for fences have been blasted out of the picture by Time's Atom Bombs. Yep, the old days and the old ways have gone, and have been replaced for the better we hope. The Ghost and Goblin crowds with their masks still travel the lanes and many of the other old time harmless features stay with us. It is grand they do. But it is refreshing to find that no longer the night furnishes property damage

which many could not afford. Yep, Hallow'en with Time, Marches on.

ADD TO VITAL STATISTICS

That Edward Loy G. I. hair-cut was engineered over wifely disapproval.

Aunt Mary D. Eger 89, going on 90, didn't get home until a quarter to twelve last night. More of that bridge whist business.

Mrs. Elizabeth Critser, 91 going on 92, was mad this morning when she looked in the mirror and discovered her first gray hair had shown up over night.

Judge Moses Leopold is head of the pickle washing department of the Mr. and Mrs. Moses Leopold pickle canning project currently underway.

Farmer Will Daugherty celebrated an anniversary last night by attending the picture show and was astounded to learn the thing talks.

Challenged by his parents as to where he was going at 9 p.m. last evening, Arlie Gosnell snapped back: "Iff'n it's any concern of yourn, I'm goin' to the shiftin' pictures."

Russel Grant back at the Fashion Store after an absence of four years learned he had not lost his window-washing priority rights.

They made a slight error at the postoffice yesterday when they placed Mailman Wallace Miller in a mail sack. If that can be called an error.

Marilyn Martin can blow bubble gum into the size of an apple.

Mrs. Martha Burton yelled all over the house because her boy Bill stuffed eight cards of her \$7 deck in the furnace.

<1948>

Seems to me that always when "Spook" Collins was a kid here he was littered with miller's flour. The frost of flour was on his hair and hands and his work clothes always looked as though they had been spattered by snow. But it was a natural heritage for "Spook," for his late dad was for so many years the Miller Man on Front Street far back there when the villagers still referred to the millrace, to which they pointed with pride. The millrace was the beginning of Rensselaer's industrial life as the

old timers tell. Rensselaer was built around it in those gusty early years and kept on building itself until it became a thriving little city. Gradually eroding time with its fancy innovations made it no longer necessary to harness the Iroquois to give power to the mill, and so the millrace moved into the land of memories.

No one who ever lived in Rensselaer will fail to remember the musical Healys, headed by the late brothers, John and Jerry Healy, both born artists of undisputed ability, their sister, Miss Margaret (Healy) Hallagan, a pianist of exceptional skill, and then Lon and Lucy and Paul of the second generation of the John Healy family. Any day of the year you could hear the Musical Healys at it. Lon at the piano keys, and the Healys tooting on horns or playing other instruments. There was always music in their hearts and fingers and because of them the S. Front Street neighborhood of the Healy days was never without the flavor of music.

Ed Ames may step up to you any minute now and say: "I just saw a sign of spring." You ask what it was, of course, and he replies: "A Mexican." And he's right as rain at that. Mexicans from Texas means the Newland onion and potato belt planting season cannot be far away.

The love pats of Maw Nature tapping on the window pane with her rain. Nice goin' Maw. I love it. Gives the proper setting for the clash of the James Boys and the Dalton Gang at the Ritz tonight. I can hardly wait for that one. All the tenseness of the Old West, drama-packed and lusty, a rootin', tootin' picture which the show house is catching on the backspin because it was so popular in the late 30's. Makes me a little boy again. The Old West has faded from the horizon, but not its memories. Pulp and slick paper magazines still treat it with all gustiness of its frontier days. An endless avalanche of stories sweeping out weekly in so many magazines that dot the newstand shelves. Cattle rustlers, train robbers bar bullies, swaggering light-fingered gentry of the roulette tables. There'll be bullet-ridden Daltons and Jameses scattered all over the place tonight. That breath-taking train robbery scene, with Jessie James for once a passenger and the Daltons staging the stickup, only to be met by fearless Jessie, who, aroused by the Daltons "trodding on his territory," takes

up the banner of righteousness and elects to side with the railroad company this time. Aw, g'wan and catch it and be a boy again, as you were in the pioneer days of that one and only picture. "The Great Train Robbers." What boy in fancy never has felt the urge to be a gun packin' hero of the Old West, or even a cattle rustler for that matter, or a stage coach robber. If there be anyone who ever was a boy and who did not feel that urge, sad indeed is his plight. For then he never really was a boy.

I was riding with a feller on a state highway in a rural section the other day and he said; "I'd like to have that store," pointing to a grocery store. I said I would too, if it were off the state highway. He said: "You wouldn't do no business on a dirt highway." I said who would want to do business if he could have a country grocery store where loafers could gather around a red hot pot-bellied stove on a winter night, or sit outside the store beneath huge shade trees on summer nights and philosophize. I think more nations have been saved around country grocery store stoves than in all the world's governmental halls. I speak in respect to talk, not in respect to final accomplishments. Eternal talk never accomplished much, but it does give the little fellow a chance to express himself and I can't imagine a more intriguing place to let lose with one's opinions than before a red hot pot-bellied stove on a winters night right here in the good old Hoosierland. Yes, sir, I'd like to be the landlord of a rural grocery store where the boys gather and do their own broadcasting without benefit of tubes and antennae radio frequency and all that other stuff that the high priced merchandiser of air must have. And most of the time you'd get better logic and better hot air from the fellow who depends on his own vocal cords and mental apparatus. For the best gab, give me the gab of the good old winter night hot-stove philosopher. It's good for one's soul. There's too much hurry in this old world to stack up money. I think too many make the dollar their idol, with the result that while dollar-grabbing they overlook the richest things of life, the simple everyday things that make for the real life of Riley. That's my opinion. What's yours?

Mrs. William Stockton was thrilled by the plaudits of the multitudes the other day after she had announced she had seen the first 1948 robin. Now, now hold on a minute before you

start spouting off about this announcement which may appear to be a synthetic claim for fame. It was an albino robin that Mrs. Stockton saw. Now will you be quiet?

Fed up Department: Pro basketball still holding on with the flowers ready to shoot up, still playing of something or other.

That lovely quince bush which grows in the yard of Carrie Eger. Have a look for nothing. And over at the William (Scary Bill) Babcock homestead another rarity of these parts, a Japanese Cherry tree, with its bright blooms and lacy effect. Gorgeous. And back again is "Old Faithful," Miss Redbud, as radiant and luscious a number as one could care to greet. Over there in the Southwest corner of the courthouse yard where she has etched her beauty against the back drop of April and May skylines for lo these many years.

AFTER THE NOMINATION OF DEWEY AT THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

First feller flaunting a Dewey button in Rensselaer this morning was old reliable Harry Wood who had saved one for the same from four years ago. Before bowing Bro. Wood out of the picture I wish to inform you that he is the supervisor of the city bandstand hung on the front of the courthouse stoop. His appointment as Czar of the bandstand was made by Mayor Bahler.

What I want to know is who stole the Monon Railroad's water tank from its roosting place out there by the Rensselaer depot where it had stood since you and I were younger Maggie. I said people don't tell me nothing. I want to exclude Norman Knaub from that statement. Were it not for Bro. Knaub I'd not yet know that the water tank is missing. He told me this morning the depot had been fresh out of a water tank for almost two weeks now. He wants to know where it is. So do I. So do you. It seems strange that a landmark that has stood since berfore they began firing shot and shell in the Civil War ought to be missed by others than Mr. Norman Knaub, a comparative newcomer to our village. It may be someone swiped it to use as a hog trough. The Chamber of Commerce could do itself proud were it to solve the mystery of the Missing Water Tank.

That time the many years ago when absent minded Fred Arnott was invited to a noon luncheon at Monnett School Board of which he was a member. Knowing his propensity for forgetfulness he was called at 11:55 to remind him not to forget to remember his luncheon date. "Be right there," was his answer and suiting action to word he set his hat upon his head and went next door and ate his lunch. Just as he removed his napkin from his chin came another call to again remind him of his luncheon date. That was the day Fred Arnott ate two lunches one right upon the other. Remember when the gingery quartet of Uptown boys sang at the old Princess Theater--Baritone, E. M. LaRue, Tenor, Harry Eger, Alto, Melvin Haas and Bass, John Morgan. With professor Perry Horton at the keyboard of the ragtime piano. Gay days, wonderful memories.

In official circles they call him Captain. But the boys back here in Home Town call him "Coxey." It was just one of those childhood nicknames for which there is no accountable reason. We're talking about "Coxey" Brenner, who with Mrs. Brenner, according to today's press is sojourning here. Just a country boy on the loose, gaping and gawking as in days of yore when circus or carnival came to town. All of which gets me around to turning back the clock's hands to those gaudy days of old when 4th of Julys were surely something to shout about and the signal for all Young America to go on the lam with a rootin', tootin', crackin' 4th of July. Before dawn's early light broke on the Glorious 4th of old, "Coxey" Brenner was one of the town's leading spirits in seeing how much noise he could perpetrate and how great an annoyance he could make himself during the 24-hour run of July 4th. And that's what it was like in the old days of American boyhood--24 hours, no less. "Coxey" was one of the chaps who let loose his one-man 4th of July celebration with a blast from Uncle Ike Glazebrook's anvil which shook the town and declared to a quickly awakened slumbering Rensselaer town that the hour of midnight and another Gay Fourth was at hand. I do not mean to infer that James or "Coxey" was a bad boy nor again that he was a nuisance. I merely wish to point out that he was blessed with a great amount of "boy" in him.

This is the story of Everett Welday--the man on the horse. Or is it a horse on him? Just call

him "Cowboy," for he is just an old cowpoke at heart, Everett is. Everett has a horse. Paid money for it. Everett abides down opposite Hotel Hoosier Inn. The horse did too, until Mrs. Everett Welday learned of the stable arrangements. Now the horse doesn't abide there any more. It abides out where the green countryside abounds and the grass is deep and luscious. There's nothing too good for Everett's animal....Mrs. Everett Welday didn't like the idea of the horse being stabled in the basement and told Everett so right out in wifely manner. Why Everett bought a horse is not clear to thinking people. Everett couldn't think of an answer to the conundrum except he thought it was a good idea and besides the man who owned the horse wanted to sell it. Being a salesman in the past, Everett is sympathetic toward salesmen, and so he bought the horse. Besides he could ride it. If'n he could find a saddle, which he did--at a right smart price. Everett is trying to locate someone who knows how to put a saddle on a horse, which is the recommended manner for riding by all the better pamphlets on horse-ology.

The good old summer time with geysers of gold spurting from the combines of Jasper County farmers. Lawns awash with gay petunia plummage waving at passerby. August with its rugged perennial plants and flowers landscaping so many spots with loveliness as successors to their flower sisters of the spring. August a grim reminder that school days cannot be far away. August with its roasting ears dripping with butter richness. String beans perfumed with bacon. Deep red beets sliding across your plate in a puddle of butter. The nippiness of the cucumber. Potatoes fresh off the vine to be mashed and buried in that same bonanza of butter. The newness of the pea adding zest to the summer time meal. The girthy watermelon not long from field being hucked from the huckster's cart, golden red preparing to rise September stature. The hollyhock, prim and correct always as it so delightfully lights up the by-ways. Cabbage heads wallowing in their own weight. And a melon rind moon casting its night spell over the garden loveliness below. August days with their sliding temperature giving first hint of fall's approach. Crickets strumming their instruments at brisker pace as they give forth their songs of the night. Pumpkins gradually spreading their bosoms in preparation for that

Thanksgiving pie to come. Still the flash of the red bird to be seen lighting the dark green foliage through which it streaks. The yellow seas of ripening grain, seasonal bugs playing tic-tac-toe on one's arm. The gossamer of many cobwebs which have departed their moorings for lazy vacation flights. The dust-tinged roadside flowers. Foreign growth still battling fiercely but vainly in its rugged old-age strength against the clutching hand of time and strangulation by the icy fingers of winter to come. A never-ending drama of the season fleeing into bottomless time. August--Gateway to Fall.

For the younger generation (you older generations know it)--Nathan Fendig, pioneer Rensselaer merchant was in Ford's theater in Washington D.C., the night Abraham Lincoln was shot.

I see by the public prints that the community reached over and picked up a coat collar to which a feller by the name of Thomas Dewey was attached, brought him over and had him march right down the main street of this Yankee Doodle Dandy, Stars and Stripes town. I have been told he is the GOP candidate for the White House and presume it to be true. Anyway the appearance here of a presidential candidate is not exactly new for it was only 4 years back that Charles Abraham Halleck had the late Wendell Wilkie come to Rensselaer for a look at the Halleck home town.

Phil Brines, 6, pouts because the gentlemen first graders are required to enter the Primary building by the rear door. While the ladies use the front entrance way. Jimmy Jacks, first grader, is perfectly maa--hh--dd about his teacher, Miss Beulah Arnott. With the result he can't even read yet after two weeks of school.

A forum on how to reach one's correct voting precinct was conducted at the Mrs. Rex Warner homestead last evening to instruct her son, Harris (the ruder boys call him "Wadrow") on how to take himself to his correct voting precinct today, and to generally give him lessons on voting vagaries. You will recall that at past elections Harris, or "Wadrow," had extreme difficulty in associating himself with his correct voting place, even though said place was right across the street from his homestead--ropes up and everything to quick anyone who knew much of anything at all right into the booth. But Harris

never quite caught onto the signals and invariably marched himself down town to vote because he is down town much of the while, I suppose. But they didn't want Harris voting down town, and so told him. All he had to do was to march right across the street and put down his "X,s." Harris is unpredictable, and due to that fact it was deemed best to conduct another forum in his behalf last evening. In as much as the family gathered, entertainment in the way of bobbing for apples was furnished to keep the forum and Harris from becoming too monotonous. Harris reads readily enough, but he doesn't always retain what he reads, so I am wondering if printed instructions on "How to Get to One's Correct Voting Booth," will do him any good. When told that last evening, he replied: "Don't worry, Mama, I'll have no difficulty at all this year not with a 'Secretary' to guide me." You see Harris has acquired a secretary since last election, not his own, just one he borrowed. For the benefit of Harris, I've decided to furnish him with precinct locating instructions thusly: Keep yourself within the confines of Make-em-self ditch and Carpenter's Creek as you lateral north and south and between the Pink-a-mink Channel and the City Dump as you move eastward and westward. From that information you should get yourself where you want to go, but I wouldn't wager you could find your way completely around a telephone booth without becoming completely confused. I just can't help, Harris, remembering the time at the county fair when you got on one of those machines that is supposed to make you dizzy and that after you were through being shaken up you were just as clear as you were before you got onto the thing, which caused the man who was operating the ride to cattily remark: "You can't empty an empty bottle." His trade fell off no end after his ride failed to have effect on you. Anyway, I wish you well and hope that you may find your voting precinct today without the aid of a compass.

This Jasper County jasper--lovable Edward Ames, who has widened his feet as a Rensselaer Gendarme these 23 years gone, is on a birthday pole today shouting to the world that Edward Ames is having his 75th birthday trip to the birthday counter. There's no one better entitled to one than he. Mr. Ames is a man of simple tastes and pursuits. He wants no flub dub for instance: All Edward wanted for his birthday

today was a few wedges of mince pie. And they were there at his dinner table in generous quantity. For 23 years Mr. Ames has marched the streets of Rensselaer against slanting sleet, in summer's heat, through the blow and bluster of March and ankle length snow. Wind and heat and cold and snow never once wilted Edward, who for so long carried on as Rensselaer's police department. He still wears a badge and wears it well, with his duties eased up. He's as much a part of down town Rensselaer as the courthouse steeple. Edward has had his ups and downs, mostly ups, for he never really has had much of a batch of trouble. There was the time when the Palace theatre popcorn cooker caught fire, did Edward call the fire department? He did not. What he did was to push the cooker to the nearby fire house and tell the firemen to put out the flames. Which they did without even getting off their pantaloons seats. He spared both wear and tear on the fire department equipment by his quick thinking and spared the firemen any exertion at all. He has done and is doing his duty by man every day in every way. So let us all bow until we scrape the cement in honor of Edward Ames today and smother him beneath wedges of mince pie with a bit of Old Burgundy sprinkled right across the center of the whole danged pie.

ADD TO VITAL STATISTICS

Everett Welday is a nightly member of radio's Lone Ranger Riding Academy.

Phillip S. Wood is practically useless as household help.

Mr. Logan McCoy is ignoring contracts for his services accepted by Mr. Bernard Luers which would take him off the courthouse coping and put him to work.

The emergency call made by a plumber at the Emmett Erwin mansion this morning was made right after Emmett made some "repairs" on the kitchen plumbing.

The courthouse yard sitters almost ran over one another this morning in fleeing their benches when an employment agent showed up.

The neighbors of Will Daugherty are arranging a surprise "good neighbors" corn husking bee for his acres. So his Rensselaer euchre playing wont be interrupted.

1949

By ballot Rensselaer became an incorporated city on April 10, 1896, according to City-Clerk Treasurer John E. Merritt last week. The vote for incorporation was 283, against incorporation 93, giving the "yes" voters a margin of 190. The ballot resulted from a petition presented by the late Charles E. Mills. Trustees of the Town at that time were James M. Wasson, Edward D. Rhoades, Charles W. Coen and Frank B. Meyer. The town clerk was Charles M. Blue. So on April 10, of this year Rensselaer, will have enjoyed cityhood for 53 years. It is doubtful if any of you know that Rensselaer was once the home of Iroquois Library, the town's first library. I know I didn't know that and I have not discovered anyone who did. It was while going through papers of the late Aunt Mattie Benjamin that Mrs. J. B. Martindale came upon an Iroquois Library Certificate of Membership that was issued to David I. Halstead of Rensselaer. The instrument was dated January 3, 1871. The membership fee was \$5. It was certificate No. 53. President of the library board was Edwin P. Hammond, judge of Jasper circuit court.

Leroy Kurtz, Jasper County News editor was a county fair jockey on the Illinois circuits during the days when he was a citizen of Paris, Illinois. He wore a yellow shirt and cap to match when on the nags. They say he was a right smart jockey. "Mommie, what's that grown man playing on the side walk for," asked a youngster in mid-town Rensselaer the other morning. "Hush my child," she answered. The grown man was Attorney Thomas Dumas who had just met up with an icy sidewalk spot.

Remember the old penny candy days? No candy case in years has displayed the long strips of paper to which vari-colored tiny buttons of candy were affixed and were often eaten with the paper still clinging to them. Those licorice ships, the 3 cent Mary Janes, the little tin frying pan with its fried candy egg, the sweet flavored wax whistles in various colors that made such "soothing" noises till they melted after which you worked them into chewing gum. Only the older folk 25 and up, recall the solid thrill that a penny or two would bring in the form of lollipops that displayed a picture of Amos on one side and Andy on the other. Many of today's gray beards ate no dinner after stuffing himself on those long, yellow marshmallow bananas or their orange colored

contemporaries. The horehound candy in pellet form and now they dish it out to you in fancy sticks wrapped in cellophane. Yep, the kids today have nickles.

If you think seats of learning don't educate people, try a sample which was released by Phil Robinson, Indiana U., student, here for the holiday week-end. Here's how Phil comes at you to show what he earns down I.U. way. Says Phillip: "Know what the pioneers said when they saw Indians coming over the Hill?" You don't know of course and then Phillip Chuckles and cracks back: "They said; 'Here comes the Indians'." And if that doesn't convulse you, Phillip lets loose with another one: "Know what Paul Revere did at the end of his long ride?" By this time you are completely stupefied, and Phil lets you have it like this: "He said, 'Whoa!' See what I mean.

Now that 1949 has shucked his overcoat and mittens, the farmer boys are oats-ing their fields like all git out and the fishing boys are deploying along the streams to engage in annual spring joust with their inoffensive neighbors of the deep. This annual game of hide and seek is one of American's greatest godsend, as it is all over the world. Take the fishing pole away from the average American and you would destroy much of his blood. The sheen of the rapidly greening grass, another signal that spring has arrived in the land that is Indiana. Trees getting ready to don their green gloves. Gardeners looking over their tools, the same tools that will gather rust when mid-summer heat arrives. The aliveness everywhere as Mother Nature comes out of winter slumber. The sparkle of spring sunlight on blue waters. The caroling of frogs adding paeans of joy to the overall chorus that welcome winter's end. Spring flowers adding their charm, another of mankind's most cherished birthrights. Birds flashing their colors along the northern front again after southern winters as they seek the early worm. Night crawlers surfacing after the heavy rain, making the plummaged friends an easy chore in those days of high priced food stuffs. A white robin abob-bob-bobbing along the hospital terrace, the envy, no doubt of his red breasted brother, and attracting no end of attention from the passersby for whom he struts with such magnificent poise. Tulips almost ready to cascade their fountains of colors above the green skyline of grass--reds and yellows and

whites and some cross colors. Fresh sweet-smelling earth turned back for the reception of seed potatoes which the book declares should be on Good Friday to obtain best results. The spring-laziness gait of Mr. and Mrs. Average American as they ring in the beauty and balminess of another springtime. The inherent spring urge of all mankind to henceforth resolve to lead an ambitious life. Mrs. American adding to the general upsetting of home life with her dratted house cleaning--pulling down the curtains to send them to the stretchers, yanking up rugs for some male member of the household to beat the dust out of (as though the electric sweeper couldn't do it as well.) The reign of terror of the inner home has passed as the storm passes and the sun light emerges through the dissolving clouds. The heart of man sings again, for he finds himself in a brand new inner and outer world, with birds and bees and frogs joining in the singing the praises of springtime. Mother Nature and spring time are perpetually beautiful and alluring, grand, glamorous, and gaudy in a quiet sort of way. Springtime revitalizer of mankind, springtime, glorious and delightful forever. Ain't God good?

It says here that marbles is a very old game. Egyptian and Roman children played with marbles years before Christ was born. But I'll still take the brand that was played on S. Front street when you and I were younger Maggie. Your current circuit court Judge Moses Leopold used to provoke a lot of fist scraps among the players by the simple process of yelling "stakes" as he ushered himself by the marbles course enroute to his noon-time and evening meals. You see he had very little to do in those days. "Stakes" was the signal for players to start grabbing the marbles from the ring and the ensuing scrambles led to many merry fist mixups and black eyes. Grand old days that have receded. The present marbles activity, or lack of it rather, is a sad commentary on the olden golden days when youth so prized a heaping box of marbles won in the ring.

Indiana House of Representative William Woodworth, Jr., of Rensselaer, Indiana, didn't wait long to rise to fame status. In 1926 he won the healthiest baby prize at the Jasper County Fair. A few years later Indiana House of Representative William Woodworth, Jr., walked into the home of his aunt, Mrs. True D.

Woodworth one summer morning. He appeared so crest fallen that Mrs. Woodworth was moved to inquire relative to his sad state. The future Representative replied by asking her if she had any funny papers at which he might look. She had. Finished with the papers, Mrs. Woodworth asked him why he didn't run out and play with the other children, to which he replied: "Aw, I don't want to. The boys and girls are over there playing kissing games." Which just goes to show a feller changes after he gets older.

Cecil Hudson, the Shedd Greenhouse man, told me something interesting this morning. Last year a wood duck established a nest residence in one of the Greenhouse trees and reared a brood of seven ducklings which were born May 31. So well satisfied she was with her quarters and output she returned this year for a repeat performance. On June 3 she produced a flock of eight ducklings, which she escorted to a nearby stream. Two of the youngsters were handed to Fr. Baechle, bird fancier of St. Joseph's College.

Milroy Avenue used to be known as McCoy Avenue. You knew that of course, but you didn't know--unless you are a lot older than I think you are--that at one time it was known as Bunkum Road that still stretches west past Curtis Creek to finally lose itself in some distant reach of the county.

Add to June pretties: Miss Raspberry, with her shades of reds and purples and sugar coating. There's nothing better than a late night raspberry snack. I prefer to cover the berries with milk rather than cream. It seems to me milk mixes better with the juice of the berries. The hues manufactured by the milk-berry juice mixture is simply out of this world when it comes to handsomeness. I'd like to see some gal wearing a raspberry-milk hued dress.

Liberal Corner-Vacant Lot. Time springs on in this merry-go-round of life. Liberal Corner? Ask any old timer. I mean an OLD TIMER. That's what they called the corner down there where Wright's was, the Wright, Inc., store that fell before the fire Wednesday a.m. Liberal Corner where first held forth an enterprising merchant who innocently enough gave the corner its name through his store slogan which read, "We're Liberal," of something similar in referring to the prices of the goods he had to sell. You'll have to talk to someone who has seen more calendar than I have to learn the true

origin and history of Liberal Corner. I do know the name Liberal Corner always has intrigued me. Somewhere back in my mind are dim memories of childhood when my elders spoke with great affection of Liberal Corner. As the corner grew old and faded, legend tells, it became a ramshackle sort of structure and had various occupants as it slowly crumbled before time's onslaught. I suppose they ripped it away to build anew when it began to totter from its weight of time, which might or might not bring us around to the gaudy year of 1900. They tell that the Knights of Pythias lodge took over the corner shortly before 1902 and thereon erected a handsome edifice to be known as the K. of P. Building. They tell the lodge was unable to meet the financial obligations demanded by such an imposing structure and eventually disposed of it by sale; they tell it had several owners and numerous occupants up until the time the late Willis J. Wright II whom you knew best as Jennings, purchased it and transformed it into an elegant structure to house his furniture store and mortuary. That in brief represents a short cut of the history of Yesterday's Liberal Corner and Today's Vacant Lot.

Right now I wish to set at rest the silly rumor going the rounds to the effect that Robert Mau, director of music in the city schools, signed on with the carnival company that played the county fair here last week as Bo-Bo, the boy who sits on the seat above the tank filled with water into which the sitter is pitched whenever the customer hits the hutton with a baseball. You have our word that he has not left town and our word that he has no intention of casting aside a school teacher's role in favor of the life of the carnival. So you will be doing a good deed by hushing the mouth of any silly townner who is naive as to give credence to the rumor.

George Zorich, a former ace in the Chicago Bears deck, has a reputation of being a clumsy character in the Zorich kitchen. S. College Avenue sector neighbors received an unscheduled entertainment treat that sabbath a.m., when the new householder Edson Murry, Jr., attempted to remove a bird's nest from the eaves with a fishing pole too limber on yon end to serve as a conveyor. Nosey neighbors said a simpler process would have been a ladder and elbow grease. Neighbors know so much.

Corduroy pants, I am pleased to note are back here in all the detail of the '00 days when the high schoolers and short-pants boys wore corduroy pants which talked to one as he walked. Remember how as the legs rubbed the pants gave out with "scuff-scuff" talk that at times became so monotonous one felt like taking the things right off in public and throwing them hellbentforelection. But as the ridges wore off the talk lessened and in time a fellow was thankful he had such a rugged garment as a pair of corduroy pants. They were a mighty durable article and could be worn as football pants without much danger of their being in a dilapidated condition when one went home to his evening chores. The corduroy pants hoys were almost as numerous as the school's population. A fellow without corduroy pants just wasn't much of an anybody.

ADD TO VITAL STATISTICS

When Chattering Charles Porter was naughty teacher made him sit with a girl. Which he has been doing ever since.

Dick Sandilands had an 8th grade spelling bee all wrapped up until they gave him a 6-letter word.

Mrs. Norman Knaub gads around so much she signs her postal cards, Eleanor. According to Husband Knaub.

The courthouse yard sitting season opened today with the arrival of benches.

Chase Rishling did a swell job of reciting a last-day-of-school poem at Parr School in 1916. Until he reached the third line. He forgot.

Gee Whiz, those Harry Starks must be wealthy. Their basement lights were going until 11:30 last night.

Will Langhoff has bought himself a set of fence posts. He's now hunting holes to match them.

Willis Wright IV had a fight the very first day of first grade. The other kid got a black eye according to Willis.

< 1950 >

Maw Nature gave me a thrill Sunday night when she festooned the bare tree boughs and shrubbery with crystal effect produced by sleet which glistened so delightfully as it mingled with

the moonbeams. I thought to myself as the boughs bent beneath the weight of icy fingers: "Maw is giving us a St. Valentine's day preview," and coming up, in her infallible manner, with another gem of original beauty.

Milroy Park was sold to the city of Rensselaer by its then owner, Ray D. Thompson for \$1000. But only after a battle between city council members. The late Mordecai Chilcote a member of the council in those days regarded the purchase as "sheer extravagance and a waste of taxpayers money," or words to that effect. The last family to reside in the rambling picturesque Milroy homestead which occupied the west side of the park was John Maloy. When Rensselaer bought the Milroy Park tract it did so by popular subscription. Leader of the fund drive were Mrs. W.S. Parks and Mrs. Ora T. Ross. It took six weeks for them to obtain the required amount. They had \$19 to spare after the purchase was made. The late Mrs. Alfred Thompson, mother of Mrs. Ora T. Ross, underwrote the cost of the Milroy monument a matter of \$5000. The monument was conceived and its inscriptions were made by Miss Mary Washburn, sculptress sister of Dr. I. M. Washburn. The hundreds of names of Civil War soldiers from Jasper County which appear on the base of the monument were chiseled out by your old friend, Grover Mackey. The cost per letter was 6 cents or thereabout. The monument was erected about 1919 according to our informant. (Dr. Washburn says that the last family to occupy the General Milroy homestead was the Portwood family, thereby disagreeing with our first informant that the last family to live therein was that of John Maloy.) Want to join the argument?

I wonder if Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Kellner's daughter Mrs. Bob Conley whistles any more, like she used to do. I asked someone the other day if she still goes on whistling and I was told she does. All the happy airs of the day went rolling down the street as she strode the avenues.

Man grumbles and mumbles and frets over his workaday chores dreaming of the day when he may layaside the tools of his workshop and loll forevermore. But as he does, I wonder if he ever stops to think of that fellow up there in the courthouse steeple--the town clock--who eternally hemstitches time together second in

and second out with never a pause, except at those rare times when some of his "innards" go astray or the clutching hand of ice halt him. But even then he has to work overtime to catch up to resume his inexorable route. The friendly old clock has served Rensselaer for such a long time, but he never complains. He just keeps stitching away. So many of us fail to appreciate the favors shown us. They tell me that when the courthouse was erected, there were many who were opposed to such a mammoth building, terming it a wanton waste of money. The Big House cost no more to erect in those days than two or three of the present handsome houses of ranchhouse type cost. And more were opposed to the "folly" of installing a clock at "such great expense." Looking back it was indeed money well spent. Long ago the bill was liquidated, and it could have been years before it was, except the bonding company refused full payment without interest.

The use of the word calico makes me wonder if calico is a part of the life of the present generations. I don't believe I would recognize calico any more if I saw it. Gingham gowns I guess are still a part of the life Americana. Black satin waists a part of American boy life in the Other Years, occupied an important position in the family household. One could wear one of them for weeks and no one would know if they were dirty or not. It made the family wash a much easier task. Long black stockings worn by boys, too, aided in making the wash day duties of the housewife simpler. During the marble season the sharp shooters could knock the knees out of their black stockings in a hurry. Should a knee go out during a marbles game on the way to school it did not make much difference. Often I have seen a boy with his bare knee sticking out from its black background solve the problem by dipping into his school inkwell and smearing ink over the protruding knee, thus restoring the black color scheme. Circular garters, usually black, were harmful to leg circulation, and string garters with buckle attached were a perpetual problem. Upon reaching necktie stage boys of the Back Years usually chose bow ties, but I didn't. I never could tie one of the blame things with any certainty. It would be presentable. A past master at tying bow ties is Gurney Jessen. It's no chore at all for him to whip one of the things around his neck in jig time.

The installation of a cafeteria in Rensselaer City Schools is a far cry from my school days. The only kids who "et" at school at noon were those from the rural districts who came to town by horse and buggy, with lunch pails in hand. They ate the noon snack in the schoolhouse on blustery days of winter, but on sunshiny days they went to the school yard to partake of their snack, or maybe to the livery stable if their finances were such they could afford stabling the horse during the day, and there they "et" in the buggy.

That drum and bugle corps coming smack down the center of the city's loop last Saturday with a megaphone monkey calling upon one and all to vote for William Webb for sheriff, reminded one of the back days when Uncle Johnny Alter could always be depended upon to bring out his fife and drum corps during political rallies. There were torchlight parades and the torch bearers wore oil cloth coats to keep the kerosene from their clothes. Present day political rallies fall far shy of the romantic days of yore. That sultry afternoon when Joe Jackson the village hackman came up from the depot to report that President McKinley had been shot. Uncle Mac McCoy paying off his sheepskin band after it had done a good job of it whooping up G.O.P. rallies. And the speaker of the evening saying, "Give them a turn, boys while I collect my thoughts." The time Wm. Jennings Bryan spoke from the rostrum in the courthouse yard, in the free silver and 16-to-1 days, and drawing a mammoth crowd. But the county still went GOP as usual. B. F. Fendig and some of the other boys sending up paper balloons to add more color to the days of great political rallies.

My grandfather's house was a wholesome bome of many rooms, where in the true tradition of Thanksgiving Day members of the immediate family and it various off shoots in great numbers were want to gather. I remember that the Thanksgivings of old were usually more wintery than those of today. Long before daybreak grandmother stuffed the turkey into the oven of the kitchen stove, for cooking of the same required much longer time than in this day of electric stoves and their even heat. It was a long drawnout process, the cooking of that turkey and preparation of the almost endless dishes that made up this Thanksgiving day meal. And before mid-morning the home would be

swarming with kinfolk from the countryside and town. Aunts, uncles, cousins, sons, daughters, newphews, nieces in endless stream stomping the snow from their shoes and then hurrying inside to avail themselves of the friendly heat of the wood stove. Wearing great coats, hunglesome mittens, fur caps, mufflers, overshoes and seemingly scores of other odds and ends the unwrapping of themselves was quite a chore and when all had arrived heds were overflowing with wearing apparel until it seemed they must collapse heneath the strain. And the task it was to sort them out when the hour for departure came. Grandfather presided over the dinner tahle, his right as head of the clan. Us kids generally had to wait until the third tahle or eat in the kitchen. It seemed our time would never come, hut the great flow of food from the haskets of the guests added to what grandmother had prepared was always sufficient to stuff each last one of us to the full. The older menfolk would sit and "gas" and snooze following the heavy meal. I rememher grandfather's frequent trips to the woodshed for more fuel, for he must keep his guests comfortable at all times. If some of us kids were handy he would call upon us to assist with bringing in more wood. It did not take us long to learn, to be out of sight when we felt that it was time for another journey into the cold out-doors to round up fuel. We all suhscrihed to the idea of letting "George do it," with the result that Grandfather was imposed upon in the matter of getting in fuel. The womenfolk "redded up" the dishes, washed and dried them, a task that lasted well into the afternoon. Then they would "set" in the parlor and discuss household affairs, what they had accomplished in the way of sewing and mending and canning and cooking, how many comforters they had quilted and such stuff which to us youngsters was dull conversation. As the shadows of evening hegan to fall there was the clank of dishes again and in a short while grandmother would announce that supper was ready "just a hit of this and that left over from dinner" she would say as though in appology. By now everyone was hungry again. The rural kinfolk were given the first shot at the supper tahle, for soon they must be starting their long homeward treks through the hlustery night to find the evening chores waiting them. By the time the dishes were again "redded up" and put away us kids would be sleepy eyed and would much have preferred to stay at

grandfather's house overnight, even though we might be required to sleep on the floor. It was no fun going into the frigid night for that long walk home. Towners who had a horse and huggy did not use them on Thanksgiving Day, for grandfather's barn space was reserved for the housing of the country folks' horses. But for all handicaps of those days when there was no radio and other more modern gadgets to entertain you during the long day, the memories of yesterday's Thanksgivings continue to cling to one, and with the passage of the years they take on greater romance. The ruggedness of the past furnishes a hackground that make these modern days more prized. Without the contrast of the past much of the romance of Thanksgiving day would be lost. So let the old timers dwell in the memories of the good old days which are the foundation of Thanksgiving tradition.

ADD TO VITAL STATISTICS

"You'll have to give me different material than that to work on," Victor Comer told the Union Township school hoard in 1906 when he hegan his teaching duties there and ohserverd Chattering Charles Porter sitting in the fourth grade chair for the third straight year.

The closest Att. D. D. Dean came to culinary achievement was shaking salt on his mashed potatoes.

When Charles W. Rhoades went to Kentland to huy a marriage license sixty years ago he wore a silk tie and swallow tail coat. Which made him a dude.

Chase Rishling was nearing manhood before he learned a turkey had more than a gizzard and a neck.

Waldo Garrigus returned the lawnmower he horrowed from Bugs Ramey last April. And horrowed his stoker.

While the Dr. W. L. Grants were on vacation Van Grant didn't prove a very good manager of Doc's dog.

< 1951 >

These young'uns including Frank Fischer and his boy, Tommy, a first grader. The teacher, Miss Beulah Arnott, for several days had been in the process of teaching her youngsters the ABC's and to count to 100. It was all old stuff to Tommy and he kept telling his pappy so.

Fischer, the Senior, kept suggesting to his offspring that he inform his teacher that he already knew the ABC stuff and could count to 106. Tommy, a bit too modest to show off his knowledge, demurred for several days. One night after again telling his father of the monotony of it all, he was advised by Fischer the elder to tell teacher; "I'm going out for a short beer while the counting class is in session." Little did Fischer the elder realize that his instructions would be carried out. He learned they were the following day when Miss Arnott paid a telephone call to the Fischer home.

Jack A. Larsh of Chicago, who visited here in Home Town last week, has resigned his Chicago position as a result of a business conference he had with Grover Mackey while here. It was announced last evening that Mr. Larsh had signed a contract to be Mr. Mackey's assistant in the operation of a cane rack on the carnival circuit this summer. Terms of the agreement were not made public, but the rumor mongers have it that Mr. Larsh will work on a commission basis. His position will be that of barker. Mr. Mackey felt that the commission angle would inspire Mr. Larsh to make a heavier bid for the yokel patronage than if he were on a straight salary basis. A smart man, is Mr. Mackey. Mr. Larsh is now engaged in memorizing the lead lines of the carnival chant he will be called upon to utter. The chant runs like this: "The cane you ring, the cane you get, the cane you carry away." He expects to have the cry down pat by the time the season opens in mid-May. Mr. Mackey's duties will be to get canes with heads sufficiently large to prevent the standard rings which he carries in stock from slipping over them. A careful man, Mr. Mackey. Mr. Larsh is well equipped with ability to make a success of his new venture.

Sometimes at night while I am trying to drop off to sleep I get to worrying about whatever became of that iron dummy that used to stand in front of the Louis Wilberg store on W. Washington Street. He (the dummy) was a clothes horse used to advertise the store's suits. And then there are times when I worry about the difference between flotsam and jetsam. There's a dictionary here, but it's too far from my desk. Robert Sigo's father, George, said only last night his son, now the newstand tycoon, was a great help around the Sigo farmstead during

their farming days. During the slack season when there was nothing to do.

Will Burton, 6, straight "A" pupil at kindergarten, suddenly found himself to be the most important citizen in town Saturday night. I have always held that family affairs are personal affairs and should be treated as such; that they are not to be aired in a family newspaper to be mulled over by a gossiping citizenry and that they are entitled to all the dignity and privacy possible. But being short on dignity, long on gab and having no set rules for keeping my mouth shut, I shall tell you of the Wandering Will of Saturday night. And then you may judge if it is any of your business. Let's crank'er back to early evening of Saturday night, operator. Will's mother was out of town, but his baby sitter wasn't. Will put the bite on great-grandma Parks for a dime to see the cowboy show at the Palace and eluded his baby sitter. Will and his dime picked up his pal "Butch" Long at the George Long, jr., address and the pair lit out for the horse opery. After that an ice cream cone and then home. At least for "Butch" but not for Wandering Will. You'll have to move the time ahead now, operator. There's consternation at the House of Burton-Parks. Will is missing! But not so far as Will himself is concerned. A frantic call to the home of Grandpa Ray Parks which brought grandpa into the act. Calls to the homes of uncles and aunts, which increases the search cast. Nobody knows nothing by now, not even the number of fingers on his or her hands. Great-Uncle Lloyd Parks is dispatched to scour the highways and terrain on Will's potential line of travel. No result. Then some one somewhat brighter than the rest suddenly exclaimed: "Why not call 'Butch' Long?" A sigh of relief went up and smiles wreathed the faces of the assembled kinfolk. "How silly of us not to have thought of that in the first place, we just weren't using our heads." So a confident call was put through to the home of "Butch" Long--and then the roof really fell in. "Butch Long speaking." The question. The answer; "No, he aint here." was the laconic reply. Pressed for information, the soloquious, unperturbed "Butch" held true to the code of the jelly bean set. "I ain't talkin' and that means I ain't rattin' see?" And with that "Butch" for once placed the receiver back where it belonged. Bedlam again reigned. Will was still in the category of "ports of missing men." What'll we say next, operator? Let's go

back to the Burton-Parks mansion and see if we can bring chaos out of pandemonium and then order out of chaos. We can't. All we get is jabbering and the miracle of miracles a footfall on the stoop, and more footfalls. It's Will himself. Will and twin sister, Mylla, and the old lady of the lot, sister Margo, 8. "Where yah been?" sternly demanded Grandpa Parks. "Been to Monon"--snipped Will as he hurried for a hunk of bread and butter with sugar on top. All the ruckus was caused by the fact that Will's baby sitter and her feller had decided to go to Monon, taking Mylla and Margo with them, a fact known to the Burton-Parks clan, but, in the process they stopped by the horse opory and picked up Will after the show, but neglected to inform the Burtons and Parks that Will was an added starter in the Monon adventure. And with "Butch" not rattin' see, on his pal, the Burtons and the Parks didn't know nothing about the wandering of Will until the indecent hour of 10 p.m.

I have always held a tremendous amount of respect for Russell Strawbridge, sr., that smiling personable patient fellow who brightens every day for our people. Naturally, I was rudely shocked upon learning he has a past that is black and continues that way even today. I have never enjoyed a real close acquaintenship with him, more of passing "hello" mixed with a bit of baseball gab it has been. And now the denouement!! The man is a White Sox baschall fan!! And all the while, I thought him to be an upright Cubs fan.

While riding the range, let's look into the case of George Long, jr., and his brother-in-law, Gerald Rishling, who last week were assigned the job of returning a cow to the George Long, sr., pasture after it broke through a fence. Ignoring the advice of Ralph Amsler and Jerry Branson "not to run the cow down," the two counterfeit cow hands did just that with the result that they as well as Mr. Branson were still cow punching long after the shades of darkness had fallen.

A survey of the town during a casual ride shows this town of yours has growing pains. Seems one day there is a vacant lot and the next day presto! there is a house with flower beds strung around it. Many of those vacant spots you and I knew as kids are now sleek plots crested with pretty homes, spacious and lovely lawns

and above all homes that are being lived in. The various types of dwellings one sees plainly shows that Mr. and Mrs. Rensselaer have traveled and brought back new ideas in home building. It is only human like all towns, but the overall impression one gets in a journey over Rensselaer emphasizes that here in this Hoosier town one has about everything essential to complete and happy living. An ancient landmark disappears now and then, but younger landmarks remain to carry on, eventually to become hoary with age as replacements for those oncoming "older generations" who idolize the history of the long ago gone years. What was so dear to the pioneers is almost extinct, but there has followed in your time the older, dearer spots that will cling to you so long as you remain here; and after you the succeeding generations will have their landmarks to which they will fondly turn in reminiscence. The world moves ahead and with it history to keep us all provided with memory-cushions for the twilight years. Youth wants no part of the sentimental past, but youth will when it arrives at the head of life's stretch for the final run, for they, too, will be old men and women then, looking back into the murky past and reaching into the Cupboard of Memories for that soothing medicine that can be concocted only my mixing memories. As one moves along Twilight Trail memories of those landmarks and those people who have blended with the past become richer and consequently more treasured. Many say it is maudlin, sentimental to look at the past, for youth that may be true, but youth after all really has not past. So you old timers just go ahead and live with your memories and keep on taking that medicine of memories.

Let's skip out to Warner Avenue, that delightful, tree-canopied strip of the city's northwest side, and see how it got its name. That's easy. From the Warner family of course, how else? Uncle Norman Warner, head of the clan, and his flowing white beard, a picturesque pioneer who did so much to mold Rensselaer in its physical sense, its characteristics to large degree and to influence its life and progress generally. You can see him yet sunning himself in front of Warner's Hardware store which he founded these many years gone. A family and business etching that always will stand in sharp relief as the history of Rensselaer is chronicled. A history without the Story of the Warner

Family would be sadly derelict, for the story of the Warner family is much the story of your Rensselaer. But back to the tree shaded lane that is Warner Avenue, one block of which was populated by Warners in another day. The old business establishment now has as its proprietor a member of the fourth generation, Harris Warner, who carries on the family business traditions. No longer are there Warners on Warner Avenue, but by that name it shall always be known in respect to the Warner generations who have contributed so much to the romance and historical richness of Rensselaer.

It is suggested that in the interest of posterity a photographer be employed to snap a shot of that disconnected horse tank on the west side of the courthouse square that its history may be preserved through use on a postal card mailed to relatives and friends living at a distance. The caption above the picture might well read, "Scene From Tank Town On the Iroquois." What could be more inspiring than to have a postal card in your home showing this ancient tank where humans and horses quenched their thirst during a span of many years. This is a matter that deserves the one hundred support of every local citizen. Horses in Rensselaer ain't no more. And citizens apparently don't drink water any more--at least they do little drinking from Rensselaer fountains.

I shall always be profoundly grateful to the Ritz Theatre for the opportunity afforded me last week to study at close range the art of human head shrinking which was so well portrayed in "Jungle Headhunter." Not until I saw that educational picture, with dialogue attached, did I know a single iota about shrinking a human head, a craft in which the savage Inca tribes are so skilled. When you are in a mood to slice off your head let me know and I'll see to it that you receive a highly satisfactory, guaranteed job of head shrinking or your money back. What could be nicer than a shrunken human head decorating your mantelpiece to remind your relatives that you did have a head once upon a time? I shall make a personal effort to thank the film industry for the highly educational picture.

I guess when it comes to cooking I don't know nothing. I was reading on the print which said the D.A.R. gals closed their meeting by eating orange bread. Whoever heard of orange

bread--but the D.A.R. gals? Life gets more complicated and I get more confused each and every day. I was just recovering from Rose Clouse's green tomato pie which was introduced to me two years ago, when then along comes orange bread for me to wrestle with. A guy just never gets caught up with this changing world and its new-fangled education items. I wish someone would give me a description of orange bread in order that should I ever be invited to sup with the D.A.R. gals I won't have to resemble an oaf and can be quite Emily Post. I think I'll just settle for beef and noodles, knowing what they are about.

Gordon Bausman, Junior, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dode Bausman, must be on the sissy side. He has stood in the hallway only twice since the current school season opened.

"The Maple Lanes Mystery" of "The Case of the Unshod Feet." The locale of course is Maple Lanes Bowling Alley, the principal character again of course, W. C. Babcock, and we don't mean Junior. The hour is late enough and drama drips. Let us tell you that W. C. Babcock is a member of the Babcock Construction Co. Bowling team which bowls with little or no success as a member of the City League. And the team is bowling right now as the moon nears its 11 p.m. axis zone when suddenly out of the night three men blanched of face burst into Maple Lanes with tidings to the effect the W. C. Babcock Construction Company machinery grinding rock has busted down. In other words there's an emergency and W. C. Babcock has been cast in the role of trouble shooter. When the full import of the tidings penetrated, W. C. Babcock bucked his bowling shoes, stepped into other shoes and was away to answer the call of the busted down rock crusher. That's the last you'll see of Willyum this night. So now to the end of the bowling game and on to the members of the W. C. B. Construction Co., team left behind by fleeing Willyum. They've shucked their bowling shoes now and prepare their feet for street shoes. There are enough shoes to go around all right, but what kind of shoes let us ask. Here's a pair of shoes without feet in them that match, but they are for no feet present. And over here are some oddities in the form of a tan right shoe and a white right shoe, which makes exactly no sense. The wisdom of the great minds present arrive at the conclusion something is amiss.

Could be Willyum. Local Pinkertons go to work and find the same kind of wrong shoes. No one knows nothing as teacher would teach you to say it. Someone a bit brighter than the others think of William C. Babcock, Sr. Could he have anything to do with the mismated patchwork of shoes? He could-definitely. Where is Will? Will's in bed. A jangling telephone will take care of that. And does. Asked the \$64 question if he knows anything about wrong shoes. William, Sr. doesn't think he does, and besides he's in bed. But the shoeless gentry are in no mood to continue their barefoot parade, namely Don Arnott's boy David and Luther J. Cole, taxi chauffeur who have feet and no mated shoes to put them in. The left-behind mated pair by now are on the hooves of Jennings Hall, who remains provoked. With some heat Will has told they didn't want no guessing, but preferred facts. Laboriously Will looked. The answer to the Maple Lanes Mystery or The Case of the Unshod Feet was found beneath the Babcock bed. According to family statistics William Babcock, Sr., is the only member of that family with two left feet, and the only member of that same family who wears two shoes, one white and one brown.

First neon sign to come to Rensselaer was in 1926.

John Merritt, city clerk-treasurer has not missed a council meeting since he took office 14 years ago. An has not missed a day of work except for vacation periods.

In the Back Years when he dwelt here one of Mr. Maloy's bosom pals was Earle Skater Reynolds, and when the two codgers meet, as they did not long ago, the gab begins to flow in endless amount as the "Do you remember---" one another to exhaustion. Their conversation is well punctuated with guffaws as they hang out the memories from the '90's on up around the bend of the century. Were there to be ice on the Iroquois this winter, the pair likely would be there ice skating, as they did in the Golden Years when the Skater gave promise of becoming the world renowned skater he eventually was to be. But Bro. Maloy himself was no clown on skates and skating parties were in flower, with bonfires lining the shores of the majestic stream to keep them warm as they ice pranced.

ADD TO VITAL STATISTICS

Recruit Robert Barber told his commanding officer at Camp Breckenridge that he didn't eat breakfast at no 5:30 a.m. Recruit Robert Barber is still eating breakfast at 5:30 a.m.

Aunt Mary Bruner was so vexed the other morning when she rose at seven instead of eight and then had to wait an hour for her coffee to boil.

Perry Washburn followed a circus wagon out of town Monday Night.

Victor Timmons had a close call yesterday and escaped only because he has a supply of excuses at tongues end when the fellow offered him a job of work.

James Chapman has quit the neighborhood Parchesi tournament because it is too great a drain on his strength.

That book Paul Neiningen was reading last Sunday morning while Mrs. Neiningen was mowing the lawn is entitled "Wagon Wheels West."

Paul Collins has been promoted to the hammock department of Warner's Hardware. To model the stock.

Mr. Cecil Alter would rather wipe dishes than wash them. I don't know what difference it makes. He has to do both anyway.

As a birthday present yesterday County Clerk Ivan Carson was permitted to polish the Carson kitchen floor last night. In preparation for the arrival of Mrs. Carson's Grab and Gab Club.

Attorney John E. Hopkins' bowling night is the same as a night off to Pin Setter Will Langhoff.

Lew Robinson's five sons and two sons-in-law were home for Christmas dinner. But the guy with the Christmas snow shovel attached was Father Lew Robinson.

They discovered missing mail man Wallace Miller today after the last stack of Christmas mail was cleared out of the postoffice.

<1952>

Something I should like to see in 1952 and probably will not: "Perry Marlatt doing the rhumba on the courthouse steps, Eldred Lee beating a bass drum in the town band, S. P.

Hilliard proprietorship the Perfect Perfume Barbershop, Perry S. Washburn unbuttoning peanuts, Victor Timmons standing up and "The Gossiper" minding his own business. My current two favorite Republican reporters are Miss Jill Scheidler, 6, crack first grade reporter, and Jo Marlatt, Primary Capers columnist. Tomorrow's aces of the news lanes.

The Rover Boys of Milroy Avenue, namely the Messrs, George (Dubs) Long, Edward Teyber, and Dodey Bausman, who closed fast with two mid December classics that would have wrested the trophy from the East Side and deposited it on the flagstaff of Milroy Park were it not for the heroic effort of Bro. Brusnahan. Their stern hid for the championship rode on Bro. Long's failure to take off the emergency brake while Bro. Teyher was trying to push the Long car from a snowbank with the capable verbal guidance of Bro. Bausman. And one week later two of the same trio, the Messrs Long and Bausman, played a similar role, with Bro. Charles Beaver suhbing for Bro. Teyher. This time it was the Bausman car caught in a snowdrift with the Beaver car with Charles at the helm pulling and the Long car--with Bro. Dubs at the wheel pushing. The yanked car was pulled from the snow bank, hut still wouldn't run, so away sailed all three and a while later Mr. Beaver drew his car to a halt and inquired the reason why the Bausman car showed no signs or disposition to run under its own power. It was then that Owner Bausman made the observation that maybe it was because that he failed to turn on the ignition. You say two such similar incidents with almost the same cast within such a short space of time couldn't happen. Then you don't know the Rover Boys of Milroy Avenue.

People just don't tell me things of life I should know. Like the other day when I put some soup beans on to boil. Nobody told me that a table cup and a half of beans could do the trick, as I put on a grocer's pound bag of the things on to hoil. We had beans all right. Beans all over the place, a mountain of them, so many of them it didn't leave no room for the cats to get about and they fled to the rear yard in terror of the tidal wave that threatened to engulf them. I offered the neighbors heans. The neighbors didn't want no heans. Do you?

Well, I see they have yanked down the bewhiskered depot of Fair Oaks Village, which stood so long defying time and serving mankind, in concession to Time's March. And I say to you, my friends--drat Marching Time. As the old fellow leaves this earthly coil, there arises from the mists memories of the days when Monon engines came to groaning pause in the Union Township metropolis their foreheads and sides sweating from laboring in the heat of summer, or again wearing icicles in their whiskers, their sides clad in snow accumulated on their journeys from Chicago, Louisville, and Indianapolis and other points on the Monon Line. And there arise memories of the days when the villagers who were no different from those of the other points along the line, gathered at the old depot to see the trains come in. To me there is nothing that carries more magic and deep-seated interest than a train's arrival. Only a speck on the map, yet Fair Oaks always turned out to observe the hustle and scurry that attends arrival and departure of trains. And so it was at Fair Oaks, as in every village that the depot was the center of the day's activity. Folks hoarded the train at Fair Oaks to go to other points as they did elsewhere. Folks went to Fair Oaks to visit, perhaps all the way from Monon or Rensselaer and even at times from as far away as pulsing Chicago. As I think of the passing of the Fair Oaks depot, I think of the passing of a delightful era, of the passing of a chunk of American life that can never be replaced. Time was when as many as 14 passenger trains daily rolled by the old depot that has just been yanked away because man no longer chooses to ride the railroad cars in the great numbers he once did. Remember the Old Milk Train that stopped at almost every crossroad and town to gather the milk and other produce consigned to the great metropolises. The Milk Train was perhaps the favorite of all train fans, for it poked along in a friendly sort of way, without paying much attention to time schedules, stopping here and stopping there to take on hutter, eggs, milk and perhaps a few crates of chickens now and then. And so Fair Oaks no longer can gather at the old depot to watch the trains come in and exchange the day's news as did neighbors in the Golden Era. I feel sure that all Fair Oaks old timers and all those others who were sons and daughters of the "I-Love-To-Watch-The-Train-Come-In Society

" will say "amen" when I again say--Let Dratted Marching Time Back Up.

The flirt in the skirt romping over the Milroy Avenue premises of Mrs. Irma Parker, and ogling every male passerby as she does a leaves strip-tease. Names's Miss Maple Tree. Now don't go way, lots of S. A. Garbed with October paint in quantity to sink a hattleship, but it's the loveliest of all paint, of colorings that only Old Maw Octoher can provide. She's good for more than many a look from any passerhy. Gaudy in her yellor gown speckled with red and vanishing traces of green. One of the city's richest Octoher color parades. I'll get around to that tree in your yard hye and bye.

Your Tefft neighbor, Alfred Duggleby, "The Man From Tipperary," an Englishman-Hoosier, and a Farm Bureau co-op director, who before settling down in Jasper County, roamed to most of the world's ports of call. Among other things Mr. Duggleby can claim the distinction of heing the man who first introduced Lipton's tea to the USA. Evidence bears out his claim. At the age of 15 (in 1887) Duggleby and a brother left home in England headed for Australia, where they hoped to find a job. Upon arrival they worked on a 96,000 acre ranch for some 6 years. He reports that rancher had 18,000 cattle 9000 horses and around 135,000 sheep when they were there. Leaving the joh after 6 years. Duggleby started to work his way back to England but found no hoat headed that way that had a job open. He finally purchased his ticket and headed for home. The hoat docked at Ceylon (off India) for a short time, and a fellow who had obtained the passenger list in advance and called all the Englishmen on the boat together. His name was Sir Thomas Lipton. He asked Duggleby, among others, if he was interested in a job as a tea taster. After working for the Lipton Company as a tea taster for 6 or 8 months he was sent to Chicago with 4 natives and a half ton of tea to introduce the tea to the United States at the 1893 World's Fair. He reports some difficulty in getting Americans to try the tea until English Americans began to gather and hring their friends into the booth. All 5 of the visitors had return tickets to Ceylon, and on September 1, Duggleby took the 4 natives of Ceylon to New York and sent them home. He stayed in this country and became a citizen. He still has his return ticket. How did Duggleby become a Hoosier farmer? Well, after

remaining in this country, he became a butcher in Davenport, Iowa. His health became poor and he was told to quit that work. A brother came over here from England and they bought a combination swimming pool, turkish bath and gymnasium in Iowa, and later traded it for 1000 acres of farm land. In 1910, the brothers traded their 1000 acres of Iowa farm land for a better 431 acre farm in Jasper County, Indiana. Duggleby bought his hrother out and has remained on the farm ever since. He operates a general farm, and has been interested in Farm Bureau and cooperative work since its beginning. Duggleby reared 7 children, 5 boys and 2 girls. He now has 18 grandchildren and 21 great grandchildren. Quite a story Alfred Duggleby's.

The path that led Dale Thurlow into the entertainment world as a motion picture tycoon as manager of your Palace and Ritz playhouses was that of a phonograph repair man, a pursuit he followed during his RHS days, from there to be catapulted into a motion picture projection booth. During his years in the film field he still sticks to "The Big Parade" as the greatest picture he ever saw. Bro. Thurlow's crony of th RHS days Wilhur Sutherland, meanwhile was gaining a foothold in the industrial world as a dishwasher at the Termite Restaurant. A hoon companion of the pair was Prof. Perry Horton who early engaged himself as a piano tuner, a trade which he followed with great skill through many years. A truly great triumvirate they. You may be surprised to know, as I was the Rensselaer's L. V. Carter is a cousin once removed of Broderick Crawford, who picked off the 1950 Oscar, annual Hollywood award for the greatest performance of the year for his portrayal in "Street Car Named Desire." Crawford's a family name which he carried to the stage. His mother and Mrs. Carter's mother were cousins. His mother is Helen Broderick, who had so many glittering years on the legitimate stage and in pictures as a comedienne.

The smart alec in a local cafe snapping to the waitress, "Give me a cuppa coffee and put it in the cup and not in the saucer." Which reminds me that the specie of hardy folk once so prevalent who drank their coffee from the saucer has almost grown extinct. Right at this moment I know of hut one person who still remains to make the intake in that manner.

Once it was a common sight for coffee drinkers to pour the coffee into the saucer and then blow on it to cool it. Some became quite adept at making the intake from the saucer. If you are not of that breed who saucers try it some time and see how well you get along. I hope for the day when I may again see one of that old race of men saucer his coffee right out in plain sight for all to see.

ADD TO VITAL STATISTICS

Capt. James E. Brenner always "accidentally" knocked down the stovepipe in Mrs. Ralston's 6th grade room during daily wand drill.

If that Lunghi family would wake up and stop feeding their cat 3 times daily its sides wouldn't stick out so far. Any accredited cat book says you oughtn't feed them more than twice a day.

The Van R. Grants have a brand new garage door. Since Van stepped on the accelerator instead of the brake.

Aunt Mary Bruner bought one of those 4 inch poodle cuts. To make her church circle sisters envious, I reckon.

Mrs. Paul Carton was horrified the other day when she discovered she had set Husband Paul at the curbside for the civic cleanup day pickup when she had a job of work for him to do. She retrieved him just in time.

Warner Hardware's decision to display their hammocks vertically this season instead of horizontally has posed a terrific rest problem for employee Paul Collins.

Farmer Chattering Charles Porter stormed out of the Primrose Pool Parlor greatly incensed the other afternoon after the leastest of his daughters went there and stated "Mama has finished plowing the east 40 and wants to know where she should start planting."

Noting the D.A.R. girls are in the throws of another rummage sale Husband Ray Paulus hustled himself to his boudoir to take inventory of his Sunday pants.

Elmer (Arky) Wiseman cracked the Punch Platt carnival lemonade economy record in 1906 when he made a washtub of lemonade with two lemons. The Platt record set in 1903 was 2 and one-half lemons.

Don Swing has that Lohen Grin.

1953

Mrs. Henry "Hank" Amsler rolls her pie crust dough with a seven-up bottle. And finds that weapon just as effective as the standard rolling pin when Henry needs settling down when he fiddles with the TV during the climax of Mrs. Amsler's murder mystery yarn.

I'll wager that Rensselaer community has more organizations of social, fraternal and business types than any other community in all these United States of America. The wonder is to me how some of the "joiners" can make the rounds week by week. Speaking of clubs, I wish you ladies whose business it is to send in club notices would turn the calendar each month. It would make for less date errors in the Republican's club column. Much obliged. And I wish one of the lady organizations would put on a down town food sale so that I might buy a harrel of potato salad, my favorite food.

It seems a long space of years--which, of course, it is--since those kid days when I was thrilled by the sight of colored Easter eggs there on the dining table when I came down for Easter morning breakfast. Eggs carefully prepared the night before by my mother. Boiled and painted before she retired for the night that us kids might have that Extra Easter glow that this traditional part of the greatest of all religious days provided. How long ago those days seem now. Purple and pink, green and yellow, red and robin egg blue, yes even brown; and nondescript colorings that came from her magic canvas through blending of the primary colors. I am glad as you are, when coloring eggs at Easter time, that Easter egg dye remains available at the shops. I hope that this delightful feature of Easter Sunday never will be pushed aside, and happily, there is no indication it will be, for always there is a new generation of childhood to be initiated at the Easter egg shrine.

That home on far North McKinley Avenue occupied by Mrs. Anna Burgett is the one and the same that was erected in the courthouse yard in 1896 for occupancy by the contractor who erected the present courthouse. When the big project was completed the contractor sold the home, which was moved to its present site. Riding on top of the house as it was being

moved to the far north side was a young fellow, Grant Rishling by name, whose duty it was to hold up telephone and light wires and tree branches and such impeding the house's voyage until clearance was made.

For no reason at all I recalled a few days ago an incident that concerned the school days of one William Campbell, now a dignified member of the Rensselaer City School Board. The story--true or not--runs that during William's grade school days he cared not at all for school, had no particular affection for the teachers--which was mutual--and that he managed daily to make himself a schoolroom general nuisance. Came a lovely spring day when William found himself completely filled up with anything pertaining to school. His feet were belling for freedom from shoes and down there only a few hundred feet away was the Iroquois river abounding with uncaught fish. During the day William had a trickle of an idea that might lead to his release from the school room for the balance of the term anyway. As the day moved along the idea took deeper root and by the day's end he was prepared to put it into execution, which he did adroitly, but not with permanent success. The idea consisted of nothing more than unscrewing the school seat from the moorings and carting it from the schoolhouse with him. Where he placed it does not matter, but you may be sure it was not back in the school room. Came the morning and with it William to the schoolhouse. Arriving at the place where his school seat once was he expressed great consternation and plenty of affected horror over the absence of a place where he might sit down. It was no "scoop" to teacher who long before Will's arrival had discovered the absence of the seat. As good an actor as Will was he was fooling no one, "Yeah, where did you take it?" was the casual response of the teacher who did not even go to the effort of looking up from his book. Will stuttered himself into a deeper spot. Words he was without in great quantity. Then from teacher: "Where did you take it William?" Which was only a preliminary question to the third degree William was to undergo. Finally the culprit broke down completely explaining that his family was in need of kindling wood and that he took the said seat home with him. That one went over not at all but investigation was made of the Campbell home premises to learn if that missing

seat might be there. The family explained that they were in no need of kindling wood. The seat was found in a secluded corner of the school building well taken apart. The pieces were not used for kindling wood at all but one slat of them was put to good purpose. The seat slat was well applied to another seat. Whose seat do you guess?

Miss Marcella Kanney is accredited with being one of the chief exponents of salt water taffy production. Bakes it at her home as hobby and circulates it here and there among her friends as a gift.

Memories of Golden Days of Monon Route excursions to Chicago, Indianapolis, and sometimes far away Louisville. There are many yet about to remember those excursions. As I remember it, the handbill calling attention to the forthcoming excursion was printed on pink paper. The handbill included the advice as to which stops would be made, and the excursion you who made the trip to the great city to the north will recall the rich memories which such adventure provided. The packed coaches, with many standing, too small to draw the train to a halt. Somehow all managed to climb aboard to increase the sardines-in-a-box-tight fit. Long before Chicago was reached the average excursionist was about done in from weariness, heat and general stuffiness. Yet when the city was reached they miraculously revived under the spur of the excitement abounding in the great city. Having "et" their shoebox lunches on the way up, there was no delay in their reaching the top excitement spots, such as Lincoln Park with its zoo, and San Souci Park and White City, the Coney Islands of their day. Some of the youngest unattached blades, their watches hanging from horsehair chains, and otherwise dressed in regalia of the dandy day, disdained park picnics, choosing rather to visit the gay dinner and supper clubs. Some even ventured an ego and increased their stature as a sophisticate from the sticks for the hire of a horse-drawn cab to take them to the entertainment spot of their choice. And again some of the gayer boys got no farther than South State Street, being detained there by the hurleycue joints and the always handy refreshment stands nearby. No self-respecting burleycue theater would locate where its patrons would be required to walk more than a half-dozen steps to acquire a hecker of beer. Is

it necessary to say that by home-going train time some of the boys were a bit worse for the wear? It was even a matter of record that on frequent occasions some of the boys failed to catch the excursion express bound for Rensselaer, and had to lay over in the great city until another day had come. For the most part the excursionists went to the Big Town to see the magic sights of the magic city--such as the marble lions guarding the Fine Arts building and those other spots of culture which the city abounds. The blueblood of that day was just a nobody if his day's "carousel" didn't take in the Boston Oyster House or the Saratoga Hotel to rub elbows with the world celebrities. Those spots along with the Blackstone were havens for only the ultra-ultra. Few ventured to the Blackstone, for there one would be required to pay \$1.50 for a single meal--and that did not include a "tip" mind you! But such venturesome folk were rare. The price was just too, too stiff for their pokes. Aboard the Old Monon rolling home for the most part it was a tired, travel-worn and travel-stained crowd, with kids hollering for lack of sleep, father grouchy and flat broke, mother raising hell because father didn't take no interest in helping mind the younguns. Somewhere around the unearthly--almost unmentionable hour of 12:30 and we mean in the morning the excursion train would reel into the Rensselaer station and some aboard would reel homeward, while the upright and virtuous would in a more dignified way stumble home to tell, three days later after they had recovered from their strenuous day in the city, the neighbor-next-door what a wonderful day they had on their "excursion trip." Grand glorious days of the past. You take 'em.

ADD TO VITAL STATISTICS

Upon learning that medicos recommend a 24 hour daily diet of complete rest for influenza patients, Will Langhoff visited a doctor's office to learn how he could acquire a mess of influenza.

When Atty. W. A. Somers arrived at the motion picture show last night and learned the popcorn machine was hustled down he demanded his money back.

County Clerk Ivan Carson appeared downtown this morning featuring a home-made shave.

Mr. Jack Larsh of Chicago, Ill. was in Rensselaer home Town last week for a 2-parking tickets period.

When the squirrel hunting season opens, Mrs. Chattering Charles Porter always pins red arm bands on Chattering.

<1954>

When they rang down the curtain for the last time and snapped off the lights of the Ritz Magic Lantern theatre Saturday night another chapter of the straight course of the city's motion picture life was enfolded in history's pages. And it left me depressed, for with the blotting out of the lights and the stilling of the cameras Rensselaer once again became a single-show town for the first time since the middle 1930's and dark and dreary in contrast to the olden golden, glorious age of the 1920's and the teen years when two shows served to the entertainment seeking public. Which makes me wonder, Does Time March On? It appears to me in view of what has just happened that in the case of Rensselaer Time might not be Marching on after all but rather backward. And don't site me to TV, for I want none of it. With the darkening of the screen there coursed back through the lane of memories the days when the town was younger and gayer, with the Princess (now the Palace) and the Rex nightly at your disposal. Mary Pickford, sweetheart of filmland, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Miles Minter, Beverly Bayne, Pearl White of the Perils of Pauline, King Baggott, Herbert Costello, Douglas Fairbanks, Mae Murray and dozens more whose names shone so brightly during the screen age when the late Harve "Mox" Robinson and Arthur Fletcher nightly crawled the ladder leading to the projection booth, there to crank out the film by hand. Three shows each night the pair ground out, with Saturday matinees as a part of their weekly chores. The days when the late Col. Fred A. Phillips of the Princes, and the late W. C. Milliron of the Rex harked through megaphones from street side to tell you "the show will start in 5 minutes," each trying to out-sound the other in his attempt to lure you to his attraction. The days the show invariably started with an illustrated song, with a local song hird, usually a male, doing the warbling with Prof. Perry Horton, Lon Healy or the late C. Ross Benjamin at the piano keys. The admission fee, in those days was 5 cents or 10 cents as a

rule, or if it was an extra special show, the price might be as much as 15 cents. Usually Mr. Benjamin was in the singing role, but should an emergency arise he not only sang but accompanied himself at the piano. Then there was the period when a Rensselaer quartette consisting of Attorney E. M. LaRue, John Morgan, Melvin Cy Haus and Harry Eger was the sensational attraction offered once weekly for the entertainment of the fan. The lush period when Percy Longfellow was imported to Rensselaer solely to sing the illustrated songs, and became an overnight sensation and rage of feminine hearts. When business finally slacked off Percy's dignity was somewhat shattered when he was told janitorial duties would be required of him. Not long after that edict, Percy left town never to be heard from again. Lester Heberkorn, a professional singer from Kankakee, Ill., who had won success on the concert stage and who was to reign throughout one entire summer as a sort of "matinee idol." A suave handsome fellow of rich baritone voice whose "blues" songs caused feminine hearts to flutter and feminine eyelids to droop. He was Rensselaer's Bing Crosby and Frankie Sinatra of that picture era rolled into one. Yes, those were the rich romantic exciting days when the film center, coupled with the Ellis Opera House with its legitimate stage were the chief practically the only, entertainment centers, where both the aristocracy as well as the hoi-polloi gathered to see and hear the great artist of the silver screen and the stage celebrities.

Speaking as we were yesterday of the silent screen age as it pertained to Rensselaer, film fans flocked to the local film centers at those times when its then "Favorite Son," Augustus Phillips, came to town boxed in film. One of the headline leading men of that day fresh from successes on the Broadway stage and road tours, Rensselaer's "Gus" eventually turned from the legitimate theater to become a motion picture idol. Not long before Gus came back to Rensselaer for a mid-summer visit that Princess had shown a silent picture presenting a park bench scene in which "Gus" was called upon to make ardent love to Alice Fay. A villager who had seen the picture asked Gus what he was saying to her. Came the stunning reply: "I said to her that if that damned green paint on the park bench rubbed off on my suit the film

company would have to pay for it." Gus came from a family that was well blessed with acting ability. That ability may have stemmed from the fact that his father, Simon Phillips, was an auctioneer and a pretty good actor along with his auctioneering. Gus' brother, Fred A. Phillips, a picture show proprietor here for many years, also was well gifted with acting ability and there are those to say that had he so chosen he could have attained the same stage success that came to brother Gus. Brother Bill, the oldest of the three brothers, was well wrapped up in show business, touring the stock and tent show circuits with his own company for a long period. The stage was in the blood of Gus Phillips before he had completed his high school days and it was not long after he left school days behind that he began to climb the theatrical ladder. He was a familiar figure on Broadway and across the nation for many years as he toured with the leading stage productions following their Broadway runs.

"Dear Mother: I have run away. Will be back at 6 p.m." That was the book-length thriller a Rensselaer lad, miffed at his mother wrote to her a day not long gone. If only more book-length novelists would put the climax nearer the front page, we'd all get a lot more hooks read. I feel that so brief pungent note presented a story in capsule form that was more powerful, more romantic, more colorful and more exciting than many a story by a professional author devoted to hundreds of pages. Incidentally, the miffed gentleman who "run" away kept to schedule. He was back before the 6 p.m., deadline he allotted to himself, so proud that he made his threat good. He reached a point just beyond St. Joseph's College before turning back to the old homestead not far removed from the down town section of the Iroquois River. The hungry and happy lad was in command of the homestead the balance of the evening. He thought.

ADD TO VITAL STATISTICS

Emily Post rules now prevail at Bud's lunch. E. Crockett Henry was bounced out of the place yesterday for doughnut dunking.

Omar Church was well vexed today when he scanned the circuit court jury nominees and discovered he had been left out. Said he hadn't had a steak meal in more than three years.

Billposter Grover Mackey uttered a truly emphatic "Oh Fudge" yesterday after he had driven 30 miles to paste a billboard only to discover he had left his paste pot at home.

Seething Cub Fan Russel Grant claims he can get more sense out of Louis Pennington's Shoe Store Parrot than he can get by talking to White Sox fan Richard Frederick Sandilands.

Arthur Gosnell was mighty grumpy when he had to get out of bed at 2 a.m. Sunday to replace the DST clock with the CST clock. He thought it could as well have been done before he went to bed. There are times when it appears Arthur thinks he is running the place.

<1955>

During recent reading I learned some curious facts concerning the year 1816, which came four years after the War of 1812 if you will but study your arithmetic. The year 1816 was called the year without a summer. The farmers planted crops as usual in the spring, but most of the seed failed to grow. Fruit did not ripen, birds froze in their nests and murkey spots appeared on the sun. Religious leaders said it was punishment for the sins of a wicked world. Politicians blamed it on the party in power, the government of President Madison.

"Broken Lance" is due at the Palace theatre any day now. Most of the film of that one was shot at Circle Z ranch near Patagonia, Arizona, owned by Mrs. B. F. Fendig and Frederick Fendig of your own Rensselaer. Members of the cast, headed by Spencer Tracy, often partook of victuals at the Fendig spread while the shooting was going on. The late Mrs. Shepherd mother of the man who figured in the sensational Cleveland murder trial of a few weeks ago, once taught school at nearby Morocco. The jerk who from time to time wants "it left out of the paper because it doesn't flatter him" is the same one who so frequently complains to the effect that "there ain't no news in the paper."

As January Winter wraps her ermine wrap around town and country-side as she is doing now, my mind wanders back across the hardened Arteries of Time to those irretrievable days of boyhood and family woodpiles, those years when life was young and gay. I wonder how much yesteryear's Woodpile Americana would mean to the present boy were he to be brought face to face with it as a daily chore to be

performed before and after school. I imagine he, like Yesterday's boy, would face what seemed to most kids as a monumental task and would conquer it, but he'd grumble like his brothers before him did, threaten to run away to a far land where fuel was never needed and woodpiles were not a part of a boy's daily life. He dawdled over the ax and sawbuck as he went about the irksome task of sawing and splitting wood for the winter's bins as he dreamed of deep blue waters and sailing ships and golden lands where there was only play and no work, suddenly to be snapped to rigid attention by a shout from his father to "get busy with that there woodpile and don't be all day about it. Want to freeze when winter gets here?" A boy then was the same as a boy now. He abided by orders but not willingly. Stretched out before him seemed to be acres of racked wood waiting to be sawbucked and axed into the proper size for the stove consumption. It could not be immediately stored in house and shed because of lack of space and it had to be corded and racked into neat piles for the winter, much of it to be snowed upon before inside space could be found for it. That's when the most pronounced grumbling developed, for with winter whistling at its mightiest it was no pleasant task to remove snow from the sticks before they could be carted to inside storage spots. The kitchen woodbox must be filled before school and again in the evening. It was a daily ritual which dare not be ignored. But as irksome as the pile tasks were, I feel the present day boy has missed out of a rich part of Boyhood Americana. For never will be known the listening to wood crackling in the stove as he eats popcorn and apples while the family is huddled about the stove on a crisp winter night. Never will he enjoy the treat of smelling the rich perfume of burning wood, nor know the tingle of wood heat or again the thrill of viewing the magic patterns woven by the firewood as it turns to ash. All unforgettable memories painted on the backdrop of time that has disappeared. Such rich rewards they were in return for the sawbuck and ax labor. Out of the crackles and perfume and lullabies and patterns and warmth of the dancing and prancing flames came the dreams of Yesterday's Boy, now embers--Memories of an era that has departed.

ADD TO VITAL STATISTICS

Members of the Courthouse Lawn Summer Sitters Association are all fired up over the plan

of the City Council to install sitting meters on their benches.

Reorganization of the Will Middlekamp-Bernard Luers Slick Surface Salve Sales Corp., is being held up. Neither wants to be Secretary. Both want to be Treasurer.

RHS basketball coach Robert Straight had a wonderful dream last night. Dreamed a group of giraffes wearing basketball suits had reported for tryouts.

The real reason Leo Reeve quit his job at the postoffice after 36 years, 5 months service was because he found his right ear was getting bogged down from wearing a pencil on it.

Ohserving the commodious expense of Sigo's newstand's new quarters, Grover Mackey grumpily remarked, "Well if they aint going to put in rocking chairs, I'm going to take my free reading someplace else."

In the very long ago Rensselaer had a law that was punishable by fine which forbid driving geese on the city streets. Harold Wickstrom violated that law. But never paid the fine!

< 1956 >

Do you think it rained Saturday night, Bub? Well get along with you and stay out of the conversation until you've got something, as the winner of a poker pot frequently expresses himself in showing contempt for the loser. That Saturday night rain shower was only a sprinkle compared to what Rensselaer and its environs looked upon the morning of May 1, in the year 1933.....23 years to the day from today. On the night of April 30, in the year 1933, it did RAIN, as any old timer or young old timer will tell you without urging while scoffing at Saturday night's basement filling mist. Gather around kiddies while your grandpappy speaks of the grand old days when weather was a part of the community's daily life and not something that came only in a millenium. Can you youngsters envision Make-Em-Self ditch which in ordinary times glides past the city light and power plant carrying only a handful of water daily, sometimes not that, looking like the Iroquois river? Course you can't. Can you envision the Iroquois itself looking like the Mississippi at flood tide with lakes resemhling Lake Michigan as offshoots (well maybe that's a bit exaggerated) and miles of waterlogged farm

acreage suggesting the Atlantic Ocean had been transferred to Jasper County? All that When the Rains Came The Night of April 30 In The Year 1933. So get along with your telling about last Saturday night's mist. I recollect so clearly, as hundreds of others here do, the doings of April 30-May 1, 1933, and the next eight or ten days thereafter while the community was getting over its water jag headache. How'd you youngsters like to see the Iroquois lapping at the foot of General Milroy's statue over there in Milroy Park? Be quite a thrill would it not? And the more venturesome swimmers leaping from the highest part of old Washington Street hridge without fear of knocking their noggins on the river's bed. Just another item in that ten-day water spread of 23 years ago. Iroquois Park being used for canoeing and hastily staged regattas. The waters of the Iroquois climbing the wall to deposit part of their proceeds on what is now known as the city parking lot hard by Iroquois Roller Mill. Northeast Rensselaer residents hip-hooting from and to their homes. Home lawns miniature seas. The river extending from its hanks across Lincoln Avenue, the artery that courses past the north side of Weston Cemetery. The cow pasture immediately east of the cemetery with water "higher'n the head of an average size man," leaving as it receded rich silt from many down river farms. Waters converting the yards of home owner abutting the Iroquois' banks from Padgitt's hridge on through town to the western limits of the city, to churn onward to spill themselves into the Kankakee river at Kankakee, Ill., and eventually into the distant seas. Burke's Grade, deeply imheded in the hearts of the Old Old Timers and so rich in pioneer days lore, suhmerged by the same river. In yonder days Old Timer told of the day when Burke's Grade was spanned by the longest bridge in all Indiana, bordered by quicksand, which he tells once took the lives of eighty cattle which sank into the treacherous depths. Yep Old Burke's Grade was bogged down too, hy the Rains of April 30, 1933. The town in stygian hlackness with the flooring of the light plant forcing householders to resort to the ingenuity and self-reliance of their distant forehears. The city's entire stock of candles unsold these many years suddenly becoming the most sought after item in any store, but no more popular once their presence hecame known than those scores of kerosene lamps on the upper floor of Uncle John Eger's grocery

store...lying idle there a quarter of a century gone, hut now eagerly gobbled up by a light conscious public. A city's citizenry had suddenly become quite humble and not too proud to use them there parlor lamps used in the olden days only "when company comes." Nature can become a great leveler, as it did in April 1933. Monon trains gingerly picking their way across water weakened tracks in the Rensselaer area. The Republican producing but three daily issues in a 9-day period, with the type set at Francesville and the presses generated with a Delco lighting system. Romantic days. You live 'em. It was a time for tall tales, but one did not need to exaggerate a great deal, for there was truth to be told, startling truth which needed no embellishment in the telling of the didoes of the rains. To me, the top talk of all was one in which the story teller told as positive fact, the one about gold fish swimming in the hoots of the late Charles Chamherlain, Superintendent of the City Light and Power Plant, as he waded about the utility's water-logged premises truth or fiction, it made good telling and listening. Even the 1916 flood pales into insignificance the talk of the "shower" of last Saturday night.

That's all hosh and bunk to the effect Hanging Grove derived its name from a culprit being hanged there during the days of The Wilderness. The fact is on authority of Rollin Stewart that Hanging Grove is so known because in the yonder days a grove appeared to be hanging from a hillside. Maybe yet for all I know. Mr. Stewart says he knows what he knows because his farm was where the grove was, or is. I neglected to ask him if the grove is still suspended above the Stewart acres. Must do that the next time he automobiles to the Main Artery from his Grace Street ahode. So there it is. But old, old timers still tell that a man was yanked to eternity by his neck until dead in the days of justice in the long, long time ago. I get more bang from believing the latter story than the modern version told by Bro. Stewart. Makes better reading to say someone was jerked to justice by the neck.

In the yonder kid days it was a several-times-a-year-adventure for boys and girls to go up the winding stairs inside the courthouse to the window that looks out on the courtbouse roof. But first you had to get permission, and the garret key from the late custodian of the Big House, Charles Morlan,

who was so kind and always told us not to lean out the window as we viewed the vast reaches of the Old Home Town. Guess kids never no more mount the Golden Stairs, so romantic a patb to a thrilling adventure. Maybe the courthouse people forhid them doing so, or maybe the kids just don't care to "have a look" since there are so many airplanes. Times change so. There are so many interesting things of the Old Days still to be seen and heard about this old town of ours if kids would only realize it. But don't you be mounting to the steeple just because I speak of it. Probahly it would be just as well for you to look up from the ground and decide there is too much "up" to be flirting with; and besides that maybe the custodian would turn down your application for such a tour. The yawning belfry of the courthouse remains unchanged from the days of old, the present courthouse custodian tells me. Another item of the old "UP" days which gave thrills was the city water tower, about this time of year, the hattleground of high schoolers who placed their class flag there. If the Senior class flag was up tonight, the chances were it wouldn't be tomorrow night, some of the scurvy juniors having taken it down and replaced it with their own overnight. And so it went....

And time's etchings invariably hring to me when I pass the City Hall the ghostly presence of Prince and Dewey, that splendid span of the fire horse days that pulled the fire wagon to the scenes of conflagrations with the late Chester Zea at the reins urging them to greater speed. A lot of you, I know, can yet see Prince and Dewey, in your mind's eye, responding pellmell to the call of fire intoned by the screeching of the town's fire whistle. And if the call was at night, Chester Zea sliding down the fire pole in the city hall to snap open the boudoir doors of Prince and Dewey and ushering them beneath the hanging harness, then to he up and away at terrific speed. There was a lot more romance to a team of spirited horses galloping away at the head of the red fire cart than there is in the gas-propelled truck of today.

The learned Judge Leopold told me the other day that it was David Thompson, one of several prominent Rensselaer Brothers of the long long time ago, who planted that Red Bud Tree in the courthouse yard which give signs of quitting this earthly existence after so many years of spraying Rensselaer with loveliness.

Judge Leopold was so informed by the late Mathew Worden. The tree has stood there for at least 75 years. From time to time during that span new shoots have appeared to pump new life into the gnarled tree and perhaps nature will again so respond and preserve her for still more generations. But even though she be hoary with age her gnarled limbs and seamy face represent the beauty and loveliness that attach to the twilight years.

From George Ray came the interesting Americans dealing with the Jesse James band, which Mr. Ray said haystacked over night on the Newton County plains not far removed from Goodland town. The haystack was on the farm where Mr. Ray was living as a young man. The Jesse Jameses were up with the breaking morn and skittered away after sampling ham and eggs at one of the neighboring farm homes, never again to be seen in these parts hereafter. The infamous band had expressed themselves to the Goodland area so the story goes for the purpose of robbing the Remington bank. Apparently something went wrong with the band's plans for the bank was not robbed. Yep, a fellow can get a lot of interesting conversation if he will station himself on Main Street on a Sunday morn and keep his ears wide open and flapping. Those conversational gems are priceless and who cares if there is an error in the stories here and there. It's far more entertaining than listening to stuffy recitals pertaining to the financial conditions of the government and how it ought to be run. Next Sunday's subject, well, just gather on Main Stret, watch for a group that has assembled itself with its collective tongue wagging and you'll not ask for your admission fee back.

(September 20, 1956 marks the end of the Gossiper as a part of the Renseelaer Republican. Following is a portion of that last Gossiper)

Unless you are a member of the "I Have a Wart Society" you will not be interested in the following perhaps, but anyway: Yesterday a fellow came into the Republican office with one finger bandaged. Asked the reason he said that he had just had a wart burned off by a physician and he was promptly told how silly he was to go through such a pain and botheration and expense. At this point a member of the Republican staff took over to tell how a wart should be removed and as she did so the

channels of my boyhood memory were stirred to make me recall that what she told was considered gospel truth in my boyhood years and I was surprised to learn that in this modern day the wart-removing method she described still lives, not as a superstition but is regarded as an actual panacea for getting rid of unwanted warts. If you have a wart and want to get "shed" of it here's how to proceed: Steal a dishcloth and bury it in the light of the moon and three days hence the wart and or warts will magically vanish. But beware! Should you advise the one from whom you thefted the dish rag that you did so, the wart and or warts will immediately return. I didn't suppose that in this so called enlightened age that the superstition still prevails, but apparently it does for the party who told of having warts so removed only two-three years ago declares it happened. So there! you scoffers. Now in Rensselaer there is a man who is said to be able to wish your warts away. Quite a few folks I have run across declare he can do it, but considerable hoke-pokey and abracadabaras must take place before his incantations take effect.

Paul Brusnahan, President of the You Know What Society, called yesterday to ask if ladies are barred from the society he heads. I told him that as the organizer of the Screwball Society and nominator of those I consider eligible for the society I knew of no rule forbidding enrollment of lady members. He immediately proposed that the lady who drove someone else's car home from church services two sabbaths ago be voted into the society. I'll take it up with the Board of Directors.

I, as you know, so much admire the fountains of petunias that gush from the yards of the many Rensselaer homes. Their brilliant colorings light the way and bring enchantment to passersby. They remind me of colored lanterns. I think there is no more charming flower than the petunia, which are so sturdy and withstand the sharp blasts of early fall better than most flowers. They flash and slash their way in such beautiful manner across the lawns. There are many, many such plots to be seen as one moves about the city and certainly there is none prettier than the plots to be seen at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Loetz, where the arrangements in particular are so enchanting. If one looks closely one can see the brilliant flashes of color mounted above the roof line

climbing poles especially set for that purpose. I have long observed the floral displays of Rensselaer homes, but never has there been so many "spectaculars," in my opinion, as are to be found this year. Perhaps it is the growing influence of the Rensselaer Garden Club that has brought the stupendous floral show about. The city at present appears to be a giant Greenhouse from the wide stretches of beloved Rabbit Town, Northeast Town and Southeast and Southwest and Midtown a Color Parade prevails. It is a beauty pageant of which all should be proud. I love the sight of giant sunflowers, which are too few. Somber fellows are they and as they reach to their full height they seem to me to be draped with age. I like to think of them as the Grandpa of all the flowers as they stand sentinel-like over the denizens of the Flower World.

ADD TO VITAL STATISTICS

A certain Rensselaer father wishes the City School 4th grade instructor would show him more consideration. That "sea urchin" assignment given his daughter a couple of weeks ago took his feet off the table and sent him to the library for a TV-ruined evening.

After Will Townsend took the picture of the "deer" that was gnawing on his tulip bed last Sunday morning, he found himself staring at a Man Cow.

Attorney Firman Thompson had a novel experience this morning when he walked the two and one-half blocks that separate him from his office work.

The Rev. Carl Boss couldn't eat breakfast this morning. The sports page of the morning doorstep paper failed to show up.

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Lefty enjoyed teasing the people around the Rensselaer Community. He often did this through articles other than the Gossiper. I have included a few of these to point out that Lefty enjoyed making a joke of the happenings around town. To be the subject of one of these articles only meant that you were special to Lefty.

September 20, 1924--KEITH KROWNED KITTEN KAT KING

Enter another industry through the city's portals--that of kitten raiser, Keith Padgitt son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Padgitt, is the kitten fancier extraordinaire.

Friday the local lad shipped four fine Persian Orange tabbies to a St. Louis firm and he will receive a fancy sum from the sale. Keith has been raising kittens for several months and now has a fine foundation for a large kitten colony. In addition to the Orange tabbies he raises the white and gray breeds. The youthful fancier of blooded kittens got his start in the industry from Charles W. Postill. Mr. Postill has been engaged in raising the three breeds of kittens for the past two or three years and has met with great success. Both he and his protege are pleased with the success that has crowned their efforts and hope in time to make the kitten raising industry quite an important item in Rensselaer's industrial worlds.

March 1, 1935--DAUGHTER BORN TO MR. AND MRS. W. J. WRIGHT

"Any news?" we asked Willis J. Wright yesterday, a question following the daily routine.

"Nope, no news," he answered.

The same question today. The same answer.

But during the interim from yesterday until today, we learned something.

We repeated the question. Again the same answer. "We'll give you one more chance," we told him. He persisted there was no news.

Then we hit him with the question: "Isn't there a brand new little girl in your home?"

And then he tumbled.

Mr. Wright admitted there is and has been ever since Tuesday, March 5, but that he had neglected to inform the press of the fact.

She is Mr. and Mrs. Wright's second child and second daughter. The tot has not been named. If they leave it to her paw, he'll probably forget about it until she is eight or nine years old.

Jan. 15, 1935--RED BOZE, RED OF HAIR, FRECKLED OF FACE, CHARACTER PORTRAYED IN CURRENT PALACE BILL.

Out there in the expanse we towners call Hanging Grove is feller in his mid-fifties and here and there his shiny red locks are flecked with occasional strands of gray, but his freckles, heaps of them, good honest Hoosier freckles of which anyone would be proud, are just as resplendent as in his kid days these thirty-five or forty years gone by.

Name's Ray Boze and he gets his mail at McCoysburg, Indiana, be-jabers.

Suddenly Mr. Boze has been boosted into the full glare of the spot light, because he is a feller with history back of him, history which until this week was permitted to be dormant because Mr. Boze is so cantankerously modest.

For these many years gone by Mr. Boze has been an average citizen in the life of Jasper County, of prosaic habits and manner of living, just a feller moving along quiet and unobtrusive in his dotage, modest to the Nth degree and even now were it not for an assist from Morris Jacks he would continue to go along with his light obscured beneath the well known bushel basket.

This Ray Boze is none other than an ex-hostler for Gene Stratton Porter, one of Indiana's most famous literary geniuses and author of "The Girl of the Limberlost," currently playing at the Palace Theatre, and many other celebrated works that have won everlasting affection from their millions of readers.

Ray Boze was the youngster who drove that white horse hitched to the fashionable carriage for Mrs. Porter when she went to the Limberlost

land on spring, summer and fall days, and occasionally when the countryside lay beneath a heavy blanket of snow. Arriving at the Limberlost, Mrs. Porter would disappear after instructing the stable boy to unhitch the horse and keep good watch of it during her absence. On most of the trips Mrs. Porter's daughter Jeannette, went along. Mr. Boze said Mrs. Porter was a woman who was extremely kind and thoughtful, but quite particular about the appearance of her home and stable and was especially concerned over the appearance of her carriage and beautiful white horse.

Ray Boze is undoubtedly the person portrayed by the red-haired, freckle faced youngster appearing in the current Palace picture bill. So when you see "The Girl of the Limberlost," remember that the stable boy you see depicted will have been made into the screen character from red-headed, freckle-faced kid of those thirty-five to forty years gone by who lives out there in Hanging Groove Township, his hair still red, but flecked with occasional strands of gray, and his freckles still as resplendent as in the days of his youth when he was a hostler for Gene Stratton Porter.

Jan. 11 1938--THIS ISN'T NEWS BUT READ IT ANYWAY

"Well, I swan!" ejaculated Clifford Parkison as he peered through the half-light of this early morning January day.

There was none to hear Mr. Clifford Parkison's ejaculation, a fact which disturbed him not. He continued: "That irks me so. Plague-on-it, why don't they pick on someone else awhile?" Plainly, Mr. Clifford Parkison was nettled.

"Here I go ahead day by day trying to eke out a living and minding my own business but what does it profit me?" There was none to answer his question, but he continued anyway. "I harm not my fellowmen. I try to do what is right and am a peaceable man. But there is a limit to everything. If they keep it up, they'll find that Clifford Parkison isn't the sheep in lamb's clothing that he's supposed to be, but a wolf in wolf's fur once his dander is aroused.

"Dog-On-it," snapped Mr. Clifford Parkison in a tone that clearly indicated he might be a wolf in wolf's clothing as he said.

The early morning solo conversation resulted after Mr. Clifford Parkison, Pleasant Ridge storekeeper, discovered that his gasoline pumps had been raided again--the third time within a week.

No wonder Mr. Clifford Parkison, Pleasant Ridge storekeeper, is nettled.

June 14, 1939--PUMA PRINTS

By air, telegraph key, metropolitan press and sew clues Rensselaer is becoming known to the outside world. All because its month-old lion and supposed cat have hit the Big Time which has just discovered that a wild beast roams the Jasper County prairie snapping at horses, cows, pigs, oxen and windmills. It's been charged with stirring up everything but the Johnstown flood and the Newton County cyclone. Benj. Oglesby is quoted today as having said he saw the malemute scampering across the R.H.S. athletic field at 5 a.m. today which is a terrible hour for anyone to be up, including lions. The thing probably was getting track practice. A lot of the lugs who today say the prints are really those of a wild animal are the same ones who two weeks ago crinkled their noses at the very idea and tailed the monster as a half-caste police dog, or wolf. Then someone down at the Lafayette Zoo said it was a puma and right after that speech there was not an authority on such things in all Jasper County who did not know all the time that it was a puma. It was merely a coincidence that they arrived at the puma angle right after the zoo keeper spoke. Such things happen you know.

January 23, 1941--HERE'S A PATRIOT OF TOP RANK

Move over and make a seat for Davey Grow, 7 today by ginger! Make a seat for him in Patriot's Row, for there is no better patriot in all the land than in Davey. Know what he did? Well, today he received a one dollar bill as a birthday present (This is Davey's birthday anniversary you know). And he took that dollar bill, passed up the candy shops and soda fountains and marched straight down here to the Republican office with it and announced: "I got this dollar for my birthday today and I'm giving it to the soldiers to help them get haseball uniforms." Top that.

October 12, 1947--BED BUGS BROKE UP 1840 COURT TERM

City Clerk-Treasurer John E. Merritt, while skirmishing among drawers and out-of-way spots Sunday, ran onto some interesting material concerning Jasper County history taken from the diary of the late Louis E. Alter. In his series of "Ancient Doings," we give you the following: In April, 1840, was held the first term of circuit court in the town of Newton (afterwards changed to Rensselaer by act of the state legislature). The courthouse was a small log building that stood near the residence of Patrick Barton on Angelica Street. The grand jurors were William Donahoo, Hananiah Hewitt, Wesley Spitler, Robert Mallat, Lewis Elijah, William Gillam, William Doran, Joseph Woosley, George Culp, Thomas Timmons, James Reed, James Brown, Andrew Richey, Joseph D. Yeoman and Samuel Benjamin. After opening the court, the room was found to be so infested with bed bugs that it was condemned as being unsuitable in which transact business and the court was adjourned to convene in a new building in front of the J. R. Vanatta's residence on Washington Street.

The first marriage license issued in Jasper County was to James Lacy and Matilda Blue. The first death in Rensselaer was that of Mrs. Stewart, wife of Ezra Stewart. The first funeral in Rensselaer was that of Mrs. Irwin. Dr. John Clark, who came here in 1839 was the first physician to locate in Rensselaer. Rev. Enoch Wood, called "Long Enoch" of the Methodist Church, preached the first sermon in this town. The first school in Rensselaer was taught by George W. Spitler in the winter of 1840.

June 3, 1948--MEASLES ASSOCIATION HAS 3 MORE MEMBERS

Mr. Johnathan Rishling roost ruler of the Gerald Rishling domicile; Miss Julie Wright of the W. J. Wright and Park Avenue queen and Mr. Chuck Wood, Mr. Energy of the same Park Avenue and son of Mr. and Mrs. Landis Wood, all signed up as members of the ranks of Miserable Measles Association. Each had enough speckles to easily qualify for membership. They are having the usual fever runs and out of sorts as you and I would be. The Messrs, Schuyler Lee Robinson and Denny Wright, measles members are on the mend. Have you a little measle in your home?

August 12, 1948--GRANDPA'S UP A LADDER AFTER JUNIOR SHAVES

Grandpa Willie Garfield Beal was down town early this morning to buy himself a tuhe of shaving cream. For the very good reason that Grandpa Willie Garfield Beal was fresh out of the product that does so much to assist in heautifying the physiogomies of the male gender. It all goes back to Grandpa Willie's 2 year-old grandson, Master Allen Dickinson.

It was yesterday afternoon and times were dull with Allen, yet withal he was and is fascinated by the mystery of this strange thing called life. And being a little boy and having all of the little boy's curiosity and a desire to plumh strange fields, he got to thinking what he might do to clear up some of the mysteries of life--including how a fellow shaves off his whiskers. So Allen went into action. So now we go to the bathroom. Junior had a slight sense of guilt, so he closed and locked the door preparatory to delving into the shaving art. The tuhe gave forth readily and as it emptied Allen's face hecame heavier coated with shaving cream. And then the razor, the soap came off easily enough but there was no trace of Allen Dickinson's whiskers. Allen was disappointed, hut his disappointment turned to panic when he was unahle to unlock the door. Allen yelled for succor. And here's where Grandma Beal comes onto the stage. A few minutes later a nosey neighbor from her front porch point of vantage called across to the neighhor next door and remarked in tones coated with shocked dignity: "Whatever does she mean carrying on like that? Looks like she'd have a little more dignity." What the nosey neighbor was referring to was the fact that Mrs. William Garfield Beal was disappearing through the Beal bathroom window from a step ladder. That's how Junior was released from his prison cell, if not from the Beal doghouse. It was the most commetion the Beal neighborhood had enjoyed this whole dull summer.

November 24, 1948--DEER AT REST IN BRUSNAHAN GARAGE

Down at the Paul Brusnahan garage today a deer rests in peace, its worldly cares behind it. The life size heast from the Wisconsin wilds was stowed there by Paul himself, who alleges he shot it with no one aiming his trusty musket but himself. "Two-Gun" Paul who reads western story magazines prolifically was fortunate that a deer chose to run over him while he was in a

reclining posture. The hammer of his gun was accidentally tripped by the animal and the bullet from the same struck the deer full square and it fell perfectly dead after staggering only a few feet.

March 9, 1949--ENROLLS IN BROKEN ANKLE FRATERNITY

Call it a sympathetic fracture, or what you will. Anyway John S. Jackson of the Jackson Funeral Home has a broken ankle. This particular broken ankle may be added to your oddity list. It's like this:

Mr. Jackson drove his ambulance to Peru last week to get Louis Haas, local commercial traveler, who suffered a broken ankle in Peru the night before while descending steps. As Mr. Jackson stepped from his ambulance in Peru he tripped on curbing and injured his ankle. Thinking he had only suffered a sprain, Mr. Jackson had the ankle taped after which he brought Mr. Haas to Rensselaer. Upon arriving here Mr. Jackson had the ankle X-rayed. The photo revealed a fracture. Mr. Jackson is using a walking cast. Mr. Haas is still in bed.

July 29, 1949--MR. KRESLER GOES TO CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Feeling snappy and important inside his freshly laundered beautiful pea-green shirt and matching accessories, Frank Garfield Kresler, jr., took off Thursday for Chicago, Illinois, a city located on the southern shores of Lake Michigan. His immediate destination was Wrigley Field, where the Chicago Cubs baseball boys were to play the Brooklyn, New York baseball boys. Franklin and his entourage, which included a couple of other local yokels, Dr. Leon Kresler and Edward Wiles, left Rensselaer about 10 o'clock in the morning. They made the journey in Mr. Kresler's machine which he guided with much skill and daring. They arrived at the vine clad Wrigley field in goodly time--they thought. The game was to be played inside the park, not on the outside. But you would have thought from the appearance of the adjacent streets that was where the game was to be played. There were so many people, all wanting to be inside the park to watch the players play. As head of the Rensselaer delegation, Mr. Kresler was delegated to buy the tickets for ingress to the park. Franklin was told by a policeman that the best place to get

tickets was at the box office, and the best way to arrive at one of the box offices was to stand in line and take his turn like people do at barbershops, unless it is an appointment shop, which some are and some ain't. So the place for Franklin to stand was in line and that was what he was doing for a time. But back to the ball game which you must remember is to be played inside the park. And the time for the baseball contests is about to start. Franklin Garfield, usually calm and composed is getting a wee bit impatient if you will pardon us making such a charge against him.

Well, Franklin Garfield stood for a long spell of time and it didn't seem he was getting one bit closer to the booth, but he was developing claustrophobia. Franklin in the interest of time-saving had a ten buck bill in his hand so he could give it to the man in a hurry. Just as Franklin Garfield Kresler arrived before the window, the man behind the wicker told the feller in front of the wicker: "There ain't any ticket left. They've all been sold g'wan home."

Garfield went and told his mates what had happened. Frankie still had the sawbuck in his hand, but later in the day when Frankie reached into his left rear pocket to get his poke with other money in it there was no money in it, in fact there wasn't any poke in his pocket. He told a policeman about the loss, and the policeman said, "Sonny, if I hear anything about your missing poke, I'll let you know."

After that Frankie and his pals went to Chicago Heights which is in Illinois and which is the former home of his aunt Ethel Smith and watched the baseball game between the Chicago Cubs and the Boys from Brooklyn via television.

Frankie's pea green shirt ain't like it was.

February 6, 1951--THE PASSING PARADE

They lifted the seats and desks right out from under the first graders down at Rensselaer Primary school yesterday. The seats you and me occupied in our long ago yesterdays. Another horizon of the "near frontier" days has past, marched on with marching time.

Sort of puts a lump in one's throat to learn that the seats and desks of our first year of school have gone the way of all things, to be displaced by modern types--drat it!

The sad news of the passing of the "old timers" was broken to the Republican by the first grade teachers, Miss Beulah Arnott and Miss Marcia Parkison. But the old desks and seats did not pass without ceremony nor without heartaches in their wake, even though the pupils and teachers had been prepared for the passing. The seats and desks, clearly showing their scars of time, were stacked into a neat pile in the schoolhouse yard. The "executioners," (the schoolhouse custodians) torches in hand, marched forward, applied the flame and soon those seats in which we of the other years sat were a roaring mass of flame. And as the flame shot upward, watching the drama of the Passing Parade were members of the first grade class torn by sentiment, yet at the same time rejoicing over the arrival of the new movable desks with individual chairs, by golly.

The old desks and seats bore the stamp: "Copyrighted, 1885." They were installed in the school before the turn of the century. I remember that in my first grade days I sat in the center row, third seat from the rear. How about you?

October 1953--MR. AMSLER COMES TO TOWN--EMPTY

If you already haven't here's a guy you can present for membership in the Absent-minded Professor's Society without the fear he will be black-balled. Mr. Ralph Amsler, who doubles as your Township Trustee, and does a bit of farming as an avocation, came to Rensselaer town this beautiful October day with Iroquois Mill as his principal port of call. He was attached to a truck and not to his town car when he arrived at the Mill which abides so peacefully beside the sparkling waters of the Iroquois and not many feet away where in a day long gone there was a millrace that served to furnish the power for the grinding of the corn "brung" in by your great grandpappy for milling. That was the day when Redskins floated their canoes down the same stream that still winds its circuitous route. But enough of the past, let's get back to Bro. Amsler on this beaming morning of October 15, 1953, as the hour strikes eight. Leaping gingerly from his truck, Mr. Amsler poked his head through the Mill's office door and instructed Miss Dorothy Anderson: "Tell Art Nicosin to grind up my cow feed (corn) and I'll be back for it in a jiffy."

The jiffy of which Mr. Amsler spoke turned into three hours. The clock's hands were hard on 11 o'clock when the bounding Trustee-farmer-cow-collector and horse-berder returned to the mill. "Where's my ground corn at?" he demanded with emphasis on the "at." Nobody didn't know nothing about no ground corn, not even Art Nicosin, head of the processing department. "I left it here at 8 a.m.," snapped Bro. Amsler with a degree of heat, "it ought to be ready by now for I'm a busy man and in a hurry." "Wasn't no corn on your truck I could find," replied the calm, phlegmatic Mr. Nicosin, "and there ain't no corn there now that I can see," he added.

Bro Amsler took a look and the look on his face was as empty as the truck bed, and to be a smart alec about the matter, as his head. The puzzled look turned to a dazed look, then one of utter bewilderment and lastly to one of understanding as realization came.

The Trustee of all Marion Township had brung his blankety-blank truck to town as blank of cow feed, as blank as the look on his face and as blank as the inside of his head at the time he forgot to bring the corn along for the grinding process. He went home an utter blank uttering something that sounded very much like blankety-blank, but it wasn't. Rather it was a series of venomous, "Oh fudges."

February 12, 1954--AINT EVEN SAFE TO COME DOWN TOWN NO MORE

This morning Cletus Kohley fetched himself smartly around the Hoosier Inn corner, half asleep, half-awake, as he piloted himself in his town car toward his daily duties. And presto! there was a fox scampering down the highway to bend itself around the iron fence circling the home of Mrs. James H. Chapman. Bro. Kohley was all the way awake now. He hadn't seen nothing like that since he was a fifer with the town fife and drum corps in 1891.

At this point Bro. Kohley left his machine in favor of foot travel that he might go faster. The chase led to the rear of the Chapman premises and from there back across the highway to the strip of land behind the REMC offices, with Mr. Kohley in hot pursuit. There he lost the trail. Being without gun there wasn't much he could have done about the matter anyway. "Oh Pshaw," he muttered as he sauntered to the

nearby telephone company office where he placed a call for a town cop only to learn no town cop is up so early. But Bill Bilyeu is both a man who goes to work early and carries a gun with him as he goes. He volunteered to join the hunt.

Mr. Bilyeu ventured the opinion that if it was a fox it might be harboring itself in yon stack of lumber piled behind the REMC offices. Rattling of the lumher proved them correct. Out came the fox headed for other parts and out came Mr. Bilyeu's trusty musket. One hullet did it.

Mr. Kohley has 3 bucks collected as hounty on the male fox he took to the county Auditor's office and Mrs. Kohley will have a fox stole as a St. Valentine's day present. Mr. Bilyeu? He ain't even got the price of the hullet hack.

August 5, 1954--THE GIRLS SPEND A DAY IN CITY; THAT'S ABOUT ALL THEY DID SPEND

This is the story of Mrs. Ruby Grace Padgitt, wife of Keith of the Grace Street Padgitts, of Rensselaer, and Major Evelyn Gerrard of San Antonio, Texas, and Morocco, Indiana.

The time is this week, the place--part of it at least--Chicago, a city in Illinois lying northwest of Rensselaer, Indiana. Let's start from the Grace Street home of the Padgitts in the early morning and drive to S. College Avenue incorporated in Highway 53. But first place a road map in the hands of Major Gerrard, for we are taking off this day for the sprawling, brawling, teeming, turbulent city that is Chicago. Each having been absent one from the other for a long spell of time, the chatter in the car is plenty. Dear reader, remember that Chicago, in Illinois, lies both north and west of Rensselaer. So under the circumstances what is more natural than that the guider of the wheel--Mrs. Padgitt, should direct the car south when she arrives at No. 53, and later east. The chatter moves on apace. We glide along in the early morn. Everywhere there is beauty as far as the eye can see, the beauty of early August, the fields rich in full summer dress and rich in maturing grain for the harvest days to come. And so we keep on going ever southward and eastward but Chicago our objective continues to lie to the north and to the west.

A hridge looms up, and with its looming the shock of realization comes to the lovely sisters.

We're at the outskirts of Remington town 12 miles distant from our Chicago objective than we were at the beginning of our trip. Meanwhile the sun has lifted higher than it was when they took off from old Grace Street home. That faux pas in itself should have caused them to abandon this day as one in which their horoscopes were not right for traveling great distances.

Half-way to Chicago Major Gerrard realized her pocketbook and its money contents were back at the Grace Street home. That is with the exception of 12 cents in her coat pocket. "I just won't say anything, I can borrow money of Ruby Grace," she thought. Over there behind the wheel the Mrs. Ruby Grace of her thoughts was riding along with 24 cents in her poke, plus a \$100 check on a Rensselaer hank. Oh well, Grace should an emergency arise, could borrow money from Major Gerrard, she thought. Ruby Grace had just forgotten to have the check cashed before leaving. Oh well, she'd get along somehow before the day was o'er. She'd have the check cashed in Chicago if Major Gerrard should run a little short of funds. She would, would she? That's what she thought.

Ah, here we are--Chicago, Illinois with its neon lights and endless excitement. What now? Plenty!

To a parking lot, of course, for there is shopping to be done. After all we have 36 cents between us and a \$100 check, us girls from the outlands have. There's the parking sign with its 60 cents fee hlinking at them. What's 60 cents on this bonanza day? "Evelyn, you pay the man, I have only a check and 34 cents in cash." Evelyn reeled before the blow knowing full well her secret must be revealed--and now.

Now we hack away from the 60 cent parking lot as though it were a leper. Must be a cheaper one somewhere. There is, where the fee is but 25 cents. We still have our combined 36 cents as we clear out of there for a more reasonable spot 15 hlocks away.

"Yes, Madam, back right in here. It'll be 25 cents." Major Gerrard dredged both purses and forked it over. After all what do we care for 11 cents. The fellow must have tips to live. But not so Mrs. Ruby Grace Padgitt. She won't go for that and beseaches sister Gerrard to retrieve all above the 25 cent fee. Major Gerrard did. The

attendant shorted the girls 1 cent in the transaction. Now we are down to 10 cents and 15 hlocks from our down town objective. The bus fare is 10 cents each. What would you do. We walk all 15 hlocks. Here we are at the Conrad-Hilton shack where we know we can cash that check. Won't be any trouble at all. The manager is a nice man, "Why certainly, I think we can handle the check without any trouble whatever. Now Madam, your room number just in case." Here it comes again. "Oh, we aren't staying here, we just want to get some cash. But we'll eat here at your hotel." The temperature descended at this point. "Sorry Madam....."

At this point the name Marshall Field came to mind for a quick pick up of cash. "Ought to be easy there" said Ruby Grace Padgitt. Here we huy some peddle-pushers for Kathy, daughter of Ruby Grace, tendering the check for payment. So now to the red tape table. Here we learn the man to whom the check was referred had never heard of Rensselaer in itself sufficient jolt, and that the prospect of their cashing the check was dim indeed. "You mean I can't spend my money in this store?" "That's right you'll have to go some place where you are better known to cash it." The Padgitt-Gerrard troupe leaves Marshall Fields at this point.

It's getting later and later. The girls are "hungry." Quite.

So to window shopping during which period Major Gerrard recalled she used to buy shoes. "If that one man is at the shoe store, we'll click." was the pronouncement. Nine floors up and we're in the indicated shoe store. "No, Madam Mr.-----is on a 2 week vacation." So to the substitute manager goes the ordeal of listening to their tale of woe. "Guess I could give you some money, how much do you want?" "As much as you will let us have." "How will \$20 do?" It will do nicely to a pair who has 10 cents between them. So now we have a double sawbuck, a ravenous appetite a slate for son Greg Padgitt, a pair of peddle pushers for Kathy and nothing for ourselves but a whooping mad one. The double sawbuck did provide food at the very hotel that had turned thumbs down on the check. The trip from Chicago to Rensselaer did not include the Rensselaer-Remington stretch.

December 3, 1956--MR ROBINSON GOES FISHING--AND BATHING

Although it wasn't Saturday night, Mr. Earl Robinson took a bath just the same Sunday. Over Willow Slough way, mecca for those who like to fish and hunt in that semi-artificial wilderness of this modern day.

Mr. Robinson was fishing minded yesterday and with camp stool beneath him made a hole in the ice in front of him and dropped his angling line through the hole and waited results. The same was not long in coming.

Suddenly the ice gave way and with it Earl, who went armpits deep in the frigid water.

Other anglers snickered. Earl didn't.

Earl wasn't exactly an icicle, but Earl felt like one.

Earl caught no fish.

Earl may as well have stood in bed yesterday as the saying goes.

January 15, 1957--THIS IS A STORY CONCERNING EMORY G.

Through the years Emory G. (Big Chief) Harrison as he is often referred to by the myriad athletes who have passed through the halls of RHS as "his boys has done and is doing" a splendid job in developing star athletes as the school's Assistant Athletic Coach. A mighty job is turned out annually by the popular veteran coach and he may be expected to do so in the years to come. "Old Reliable" he should be called. But as a transportation genius the popular coach is lacking. We dislike to say that right out in public, because we like E. G. Harrison very much. Now down to the facts in his transportation troubles.

Emory G. one day last week was called upon to haul his Frosh basketball boys to Medaryville to engage in the great indoor sport. Emory G. got the hauling job done right well, depositing his boys in the MHS gym right on time. The game over, he hauled them home, all except one. Emory G. completely forgot to bring one of his stars back to Rensselaer with the rest of the team, perhaps because the boy wasn't in the right place at the right time. His oversight was discovered when he took roll call in Rensselaer, "Well, I swan," ejaculated Emory. "I wonder where he is misplaced at?" Checking with other drivers he learned the absentee had not come home with them.

The lights were out in Medaryville town when he arrived there for the second time in the same evening. Emory hrung him back to Rensselaer on this trip.

January 22, 1957--GREASE GUN SETTLES FOR DOG FOOD

"Grease Gun Carlyn" the hoys call him--Carlyn Courtright, the grower of farm products on hroad acres south of Rensselaer.

A missive reaching the Republican office today said it was a cold and snow-clad morning last week when A. C. Courtright as he is also known, and some of his neighbors went to Monticello to attend the Farm Bureau Co-Op district stockholders' meeting, with Carlyn perfectly oblivious to the fact that the day was to be a most fortunate one for him. Many door prizes were to be given away free gratis for nothing during the day's proceedings.

You guessed it. Carlyn was to win one of the same.

C. C. had his heart set on winning the handy cartridge-type grease gun, one of the day's prizes. But he was just too, too lucky too early. His name was drawn before the grease gun came up as a prize, which eliminated him from the later drawings.

Among the hired entertainers for the day's program was a group of television stars who had brought along a few framed pictures of themselves. These pictures, together with a 5-pound bag of Meal-time Dog Food, were also among the prizes. Why go on?

Can you imagine the extreme delight of "Grease Gun Carlyn" when he proudly fondled one of those pictures and a bag of dog food as a prize winner?

Him, who hasn't even got no dog. Besides that the pictures were of "men males."

March 20, 1957--OLD TIMER DEPARTS TOWN

He'd stood there for a long, long time, longer than anyone of his kind had stood in Rensselaer, we betcha--the dean of them all.

And so it was a sad day one day back when one of those four wheeled carriages that are powered by gasoline stuck its snout against him with great force and knocked him out of

commission to the extent that he sprung a leak and was rendered useless. So antiquated was he, that it was decided not to repair him and put him back there where he had so long served man--and in his younger days until the dad ratted gasoline carriage came along to put the horse out of husiness sofar as transportation power was concerned.

We mean that drinking fountain that had stood there through many, many years to quaff the thirst of man and horse and at times, dogs. The only one left to grace Rensselaer--the one on the west side of the courthouse square. Those who should know whereof they speak, say that fountain was the first of its kind to be erected in Rensselaer. Long since his hrethren had departed. So he was the last representative of frontier doays of the drinking fountain.

Old Timer, when he first was settled there, featured a trough attached for the horse, and a spout for man to quench his thirst.

Once upon a time there were several such fountains in Rensselaer.

Mayor Hanley said the fountain prohahly will not be replaced, at least not in the same spot.

The city should have a modern fountain conveniently located, a more pretentious one with several spouts.

June 28, 1957--"HE LEARNS THE TRUTH--THAT HE DOES"

Kansas is hot by summer, Kansas was hot that Summer day of 1925

What goes?

Well for one thing, a Dutch picnic for which all Galatians (Galatia, Kansas) had turned out. A harnstorming airplane pilot was on hand to haul the natives at \$10 a copy. In that year planes were something super-special in public interest.

See that slight, youthful feller standing there among the crowd of gawkers at the plane? Keep your eye on him, for he is the meat of this story.

Finally, that slight young feller with youth on his pleasing pan exclaimed: "If I had ten hucks, I'd sure go up there in the air in that thing."

Seconds later a man stuffed a ten dollar note into the youth's fist and said, "Go ahead and make good your boast, sonny hoy."

The slight feller raced to the contraption, told the pilot he'd be for riding in the thing, emphasizing his anxiety to get up and away by stuffing the newly acquired ten dollars into the pilot's hand. And away they went on a ten minute air journey while the crowd below gawked at the soaring machine. And applauded the daring of the slight, youthful feller who had broken the ice.

Not too many days ago a Rensselaer couple seated themselves on a bench at the Palace theatre in Rensselaer to witness the showing of "The Spirit of St. Louis," a film story dealing with the plane by that name that was the first to jump the Atlantic.

Reel by reel the film story unwound with the audience in rapt attention and pin drop silence prevailing.

Suddenly: "By cracky, Jessie, that's the feller all right."

He was referring to the pilot of "The Spirit of St. Louis."

These thirty-two years later Frank Felder had learned that back there in Galatia, Kansas on a summer day in the year 1925 he had been taken for a plane trip by a blonde, lean, slight pilot named Charles A. Lindbergh, the "Lone Eagle" who was two years later to gain immortality by being the first to pilot an airplane over the Atlantic strip non-stop.

But Frank Felder, always one to catch on in a hurry.

September 10, 1957--ROUGH SUMMER FOR THIS GUY

Billy Bruce, 3 and one half son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bruce of near Rensselaer and trouble are synonymous. It's been a rough summer for the sprightly lad who gallops all day on his Pap's acres southeast of town.

Billy is sporting a real for sure "shiner" these days.

While riding an imaginary horse in the Bruce kitchen, Billy rode too fast and wound up at the kitchen sink, with his right eye hearing the thump of the impact. Billy is the same gent who "et"

some "mushrooms" a couple of months ago. Jasper County hospital stomach pump had to be brought into action.

June 14, 1958--LOOK TWO GUYS ON A ROOF TOP

Don't look now but the bell of the Jake Eggleston telephone rang lustily early last evening. "Must be someone wanting us" observed Mr. Eggleston. He was right.

Said the voice of the caller, "Jim's on the roof and can't get down."

"Who is calling?" asked Mr. Eggleston.

"Nancy Ruhmann" was the response.

"Be right over" said Mr. Eggleston.

It was Mr. James Ruhmann himself, son-in-law of Mayor E. W. Hanley, who was entrapped on a rooftop. The garage rooftop.

"Why'd he go up there in the first place?" inquired Mr. Eggleston. He was informed that Mr. Ruhmann's aerial adventure was for the purpose of unhedding the roof gutters of their debris.

"Humph" from Mr. Eggleston. Mr. Eggleston laddered his way to the second of the garage's two roofs. Now we've got both of them up there to stay for a spell.

Our descriptive qualities concerning roof tops is not very good. The best we can do is to tell you that the top roof of the Ruhmann garage is a hip roof. Five feet below it is a second roof, not as wide as the top roof, but also of slant design. The lower roof is ten feet above ground level. Now Jim Ruhmann's problem was that if he ventured to skid to the lower roof the skid would continue all the way to the ground. So Jim stayed perched. The idea was to get Bro. Eggleston aboard the second roof so they could help each other down. So now we have both of them perched there. It was figured Jake's shoe soles would be drier than Jim's. They were but that didn't seem to make any difference. Jake's were skittery too. Somehow the pair worked their way precariously to the lower level. The ladder which Mrs. Ruhmann managed to place in position in proximity to the gentlemen's feet protruded an inch over the first roof level. The rescue was complete.

It was suggested by Mr. Eggleston that Mrs. Rhumann call the fire department to take them from their lofty positions. "Oh my no!" exclaimed Mrs. Rhumann, "That way it would get into the newspaper."

Obituaries

Some of the most remembered of all of Lefty's writings were his obituaries which he treated with such sensitivity and thoroughness. Never has such detail and words of tribute been included in a notice of the passing of anyone. A collection of these writings in themselves would fill another book. I have chosen only a few examples to remind us of this phase of Lefty's personality as shown through this kind of reporting. The ones I have chosen were special friends of Lefty's.

I might add this bit of information. After the death of Sherm Parks someone came into the Republican office and found Lefty at the typewriter writing up Sherm's obituary and the tears were streaming down Lefty's face. As you read this piece, I think you will feel the sorrow coming right off the page and into your heart.

August 24, 1963--LLOYD SHERMAN PARKS DIES AT MID-MORNING TODAY

Lloyd Sherman Parks, since his early boyhood days a delightful figure in the daily life of Rensselaer, passed away in Jasper County Hospital at 9 o'clock this morning following a few days of hospitalization there. He was stricken by hemorrhaging last Tuesday evening. His condition gradually worsened Thursday and by evening his condition had assumed critical stage. He entered into a semi-coma by nightfall and his life ebbed steadily from that time on. By noon Friday it had become obvious that he could not long survive the impact of the series of complications.

Mr. Parks, "Sherm" was born in Gilboa Township, Benton County, a short distance from Remington, October 9, 1891, the son of William S. Parks, and Alice (Osborn) Parks. During his pre-school years the family moved to Rensselaer and made their home on Milroy Avenue and later on S. College Avenue. He attended Rensselaer City Schools and was a star high school athlete. In late 1917 he entered Military Service and was sent to Fort Hamilton, N. Y. and from there he went overseas to serve with the U.S. Army in French sectors. He was married to Miss Grace Clowry of Remington at St. Joseph, Michigan, November 11, 1921.

So long for now, champ.....

(This additional item was also in the same paper) The little fellow died today. It had to be some day, of course, but one is never quite ready for such things, particularly that of the passing of a pal and a true friend of more than half-century's standing. When the word came as

it did in mid-morning today the geysers of memories began spouting and flooding the landscape of endless time. He just couldn't overcome the great odds stacked against him, but he gave it a great try. The spark of courage was there, but the physical self was unable to carry the load thrust upon it. In our book he was The Champ--was Lloyd Parks who died today. Like in many of us there are imperfections, but not in his heart nor again in his mind. And what there were were tremendously outweighed by the perfections and talents that were his in such great quantity. We shall always remember him as a gentleman and as a friend. We shall remember him as a man of charm and sweet disposition. What a wonderful personality he possessed! He was a humble man, a man who loved the simple things in life. He was your friend, my friend. In writing this we write it not as a newspaper man, but as a friend of Sherm Parks since our boyhood days. He was kind, polite, courteous. He was respectful. He loved our people, his town. He was generous to a fault. He was generous in his praise of others, self-effacing, modest and followed the creed of "live and let live." He did unto others as he would have others do unto him. His smile was infectious, his charm enervating, his personality overcoming. Rensselaer never had a better all around athlete than the fellow who finally "struck out" today. But he went down swinging and trying. Through the mists of time we can still see him swinging down the football field, the pigskin tucked tightly under his arm as he used the other arm to fend off would-be tacklers as he made his broken field way to another touchdown for RHS and later for the town team. Football was only one of his many athletic talents. It mattered not the sport, he conquered it. Baseball, track, basketball--yes, and even marbles and hilliards. If the ball was round and rolled he mastered it. Like we said: In our book he was The Champ in so many fields. Sherm Parks was life. He was real and vital. But above all he was a gentleman and a friend, a respecter

of people, a chap whom people liked. It's tough to have to write about the death of any friend, but it's far tougher to have to write about as intimate friend of more than fifty years, and that is what we are called upon to do today. In this instance it is not routine writing as a newspaper man. It is beyond that. It calls for words that are hard to put together on short notice with the clock running out. The passing of this beloved chap, your friend our chum, produces an overtone of sadness that is city wide. He has scored his last touchdown, his last field goal and boomed the ball over the fence for the last time, and cast his last ray of sunshine--around here anyway. Well, so long for now, Champ. If the pitch comes down the middle held high, park it in the seats for them. That'll learn 'em manners. Your pal, Lefty.

May 12, 1947--CITY SHOCKED BY PASSING OF POPULAR MAN

H. Archie Lee, popular proprietor of the Rensselaer newstand, passed away at Jasper County Hospital at nine-thirty o'clock Sunday night as a result of injuries which he received Thursday morning when he collided with a truck on S. College Avenue. Mr. Lee passed on without regaining consciousness, a state in which he had lain since seven o'clock Thursday evening. Prior to that he received two transfusions and was placed in an oxygen tent.

The passing of this popular citizen came as a tremendous shock to the entire community. During his rather abbreviated residence here, speaking in respect to the length of his last residence here, he became widely known as a progressive citizen and a personality who was universally admired.

Words are often futile in attempting to express the depth of the sorrow of a community occasioned by the passing on of a loved one, and so it is in the passing on of Mr. Lee.

Mr. Lee was born in Rensselaer November 30, 1895, the son of Walter R. Lee and Rosa B. (Lutz) Lee. Soon following his birth his parents moved to Hanging Grove Township where his father taught school and later conducted a lumber and hardware business. The family returned to Rensselaer in 1903 and it was here that the remainder of his boyhood was spent. He was graduated Rensselaer High School with the class of 1914.

Mr. Lee was married to Miss Mata Hauser, daughter of Mary Hauser Gwin of this city, on Christmas Day 1922. Mr. Lee's popularity among our people was attested only last week when he was one of five successful nominees for the city council, his total vote being one of the highest on the entire ticket.

A personality has left us that ill could be spared. His smile, his sparkling humor, his original wit, his mannerisms generally and the good cheer that he disseminated formed a rich part of the community's life. Everyone was his friend, he the friend of everyone. In homely words, yet deeply effective words, and words without the slightest tinge of disrespect in association them with the passing on of a loved one, we say: "He was a swell guy."

April 16, 1945--WAS COUNTY'S LAST SURVIVOR OF CIVIL WAR

Comrade George Louis Morgan, who left Rensselaer that sunny August 11, 1862 as a lad of 14 and one-half years to lend his hit toward the preservation of a nation torn by internal strife, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Wallace Miller of Detroit, Michigan at an early hour Sunday April 15.

Enfeebled by extreme of late months he had fought a valiant fight as he made his "last stand" to keep the Civil War soldiery of Jasper County represented in life. He had "retreated" gradually since January when he became bedfast, not from any particular cause but rather from senility which slowly but inexorably took toll of a physique that had remained sturdy far beyond the usual years of man. Failing eyesight had left him in comparative darkness the latter months of his life. Yet as his splendid physique slowly gave way, the mental alertness which had so remarkably weathered Time's wear stood up and the courage that was one of his outstanding attributes throughout his long, worthy and colorful lifetime was manifested as brightly as in his youthful years. As he observed his 97th birthday last Valentine's Day, the children of the neighborhood made him a bedside visit and gave him a "party," which although leaving him tired made him extremely happy. And too, the Detroit G.A.R., that Valentine's Day joined in tribute as they claimed for their own "Grandpa" George L. Morgan as their Civil War Veteran,

one of the so few standing gallantly at attention these long years gone, a tribute that left us here in Rensselaer somewhat "jealous" that Detroit could claim him. For it was here that "Grandpa" George L. Morgan claimed residence until the end--a span that began when as a lad of six he came here from his native Kirklin to reside.

One day Little George, not yet possessed of the heard that distinguishes the man, made his way to a recruiting office and by a little hedging and evasion of questions, and self admitted fibbing managed to make the recruiting officer believe that he was ready and well able to assume the burdens of a soldier. George Louis Morgan at the skimpy age of 14 and one-half years was now a man and soldier man at that. He had the uniform to prove it to his parents when he returned from his stealthy visit to the "recruiting man." It is not chronicled that any great storm of disapproval came from the parents when the son glibly informed them that he was in possession of a soldier suit and was all ready in the army.

So with the parental blessing he reported August 11, 1862, to Captain James S. Burnham, commanding officer of Co. A., 87th Indiana Regiment, here in Rensselaer--the day set when the quickly formed company was to leave for LaPorte. Co. A. was a unit of the regiment which had as its Colonel Rensselaer's Edwin P. Hammond.

Time's haze prevents a complete description of his military career, but the unit was not long in LaPorte. It was sent into the Tennessee Campaign after some duty in Kentucky. "Grandpa" was a participant in the Battle of Chickamauga where the Union toll was heavy but its ranks victorious. Following that there came many minor skirmishes for Little George Morgan and his comrades and weeks of guerilla warfare with the sniping breaking out sporadically.

And so he went through the years 1862, 1863 and 1864 and into the final months of the war. The kid of fourteen and one half years now approaching 17 was keeping right up with the rest of the veteran troopers as the triumphant 87th Regiment joined Sherman's March to the sea. It was at a military center near Washington, D. C. that Mr. Morgan received discharge papers June 10 following the cessation of

hostilities. With other Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan troopers "Grandpa" legged it for home via box car assigned for the transportation of troops. He finally arrived in Indianapolis after a laborious journey and from there rode the "covered cars" to Bradford (now Monon), after which he "stage-coached" to Rensselaer.

Asked what was the first thing he did after reaching Rensselaer, Mr. Morgan invariably answered; "I struck right out for home across the fields, at a dog trot and did not stop until I reached the house." He said he started shouting when within range of the house, but his hooping call brought no answer. The house was empty, so he started for the field. He discovered his mother picking strawberries. Asked what he did then, he would always say, "I got me a great big howl of the freshly picked berries, stopped at the milk house and got a pitcher of cream, helped myself out of the contents of the sugar hag and went to work."

Jasper County's last Civil War Veteran, now came to town to find himself a job of work. In those formative industrial years he was a blacksmith's apprentice and then a full-fledged blacksmith. However, he is best known as an artisan who worked at woodworking, carriage making and carpentry. And there was a long period that he was a millwright at what was the Babcock Hopkins elevator in Rensselaer. It is also interesting to note that he learned cabinet making from the late Michael Eger, and it was from that apprenticeship that Mr. Morgan went on to operate his own wood working shop.

Mr. Morgan was married to Mary J. Morris of Rensselaer. His marriage took place July 27, 1879. Until recent years the Morgan homestead on S. Front street remained as a landmark. It was there Mr. and Mrs. Morgan lived for a great many years.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Morgan once saw the immortal Abraham Lincoln, when the troops were reviewed by President Lincoln near Washington D. C. It is also interesting to note that Mr. Morgan died on the day that Franklin D. Roosevelt was being buried. He participated in all presidential elections from 1872 on. He cast his first such ballot in 1872 for Ulysses S. Grant, his commander during the Civil War. All those ballots were cast in the same precinct in Rensselaer.

Mr. Morgan was sort of the personal property of every Rensselaer. In his latter years he was to become known as "Grandpa" Morgan, an affectionate term by which he was addressed by adults as well as children. All loved him. His white beard, his strong step, his keen memory reaching far back into the 19th century, his tidy appearance known to all. A kind man, a courageous man, an interesting man a man colored with the romantic days of the wilderness with the present day. He was idolized and cherished as the last representative of a treasured race of man--the Civil War soldiery. We believe that as he passed he would want you to say "Well so long, 'Grandpa' take care of yourself" And that's the way we'll leave him.

January 18, 1960--BERNARD LUERS DIED SATURDAY NIGHT

With his passing some of the cheeriness of the city's Main Street--cheeriness that had as its basic qualities friendliness, the spirit of good will toward man and the charm of neighborliness and association that small-town living brings--went with him.

It is always sad indeed to be called upon to put on paper the story of the passing of a friend or again that of a casual acquaintance and once again that of anyone--far more in this particular instance. For he was your friend, our friend.

Death is the inexorable terminal for all of us. But to him it came so suddenly, so shockingly and to those of us left to remember him so intimately there came shock of such impact that the stunning force of it will long remain; shock that will never be completely removed.

Only yesterday it was our privilege to read the below excerpt from a news page which we know will bring comfort to those who loved him and knew him intimately.

"Death is no disaster. On the contrary, it is a great adventure. If we think of death as a fathomless abyss that engulfs us, we miss its spiritual significance. To think of it as disaster is to fear its inevitable coming...Death is not a dead-end street, but an open road to be traveled in the company of One whose love never ends. Our Father, teach us to believe in the goodness and to trust that Thou has prepared for us in the life to come more than we could ask or dream."

In the above surely one finds beauty and comfort and sentiment richly expressed in speaking of death, and one is better prepared for having read it.

The end came at 10 p.m. at Jasper County Hospital where Mr. Luers had remained in a state of unconsciousness since suffering numerous injuries when struck by an automobile in the city's business district last Tuesday night.

Aside from a few brief periods when he seemingly rallied there was nothing to buoy hope for his recovery. Surgery was the lone chance, and surgery failed.

Mr. Luers was born at the Luers farmstead two miles south of Rensselaer on November 11, 1894, a twin son of Henry Luers and Mary (Maienbrook) Luers. He attended Putts school which was located only a short way down the road from the farm of his birth and St. Augustine School in Rensselaer. Born on a farm, descendant of several generations of farm people he turned naturally to the farm pursuits which he followed with only one brief interlude when he was a member of the State Bank personnel. He continued in farming activities until approximately fifteen years ago when he was stricken by a heart complication that had been persistently present since that time and forced him to retire from active life. During that time he had been hospitalized on several occasions because of the heart complications and because of other ills.

All of his lifetime was spent in the immediate community. Since he was stricken with ill health he and his sister, Mrs. Rose Clouse, had made their home together at 206 E. Washington Street.

A Christian man kind and affable and sincere in his relations with mankind devoted to his church and family and friends and community, he will be much missed by the hundreds who came to know him during his journey through life. His passing leaves in its wake widespread sorrow that is deep.



